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A Magazine of Architecture & Decoration



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Vol. XLVIII

July 1920

No. 284

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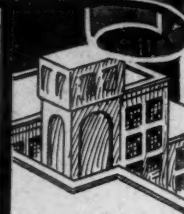
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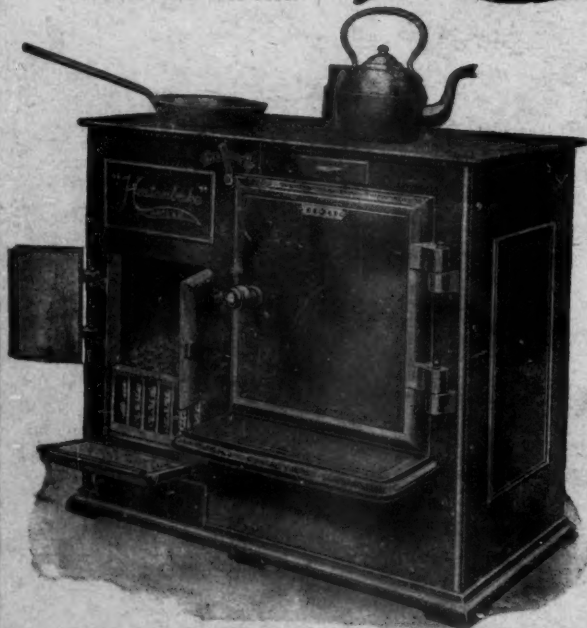


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THE
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Vol. XLVIII. JULY—DECEMBER 1920

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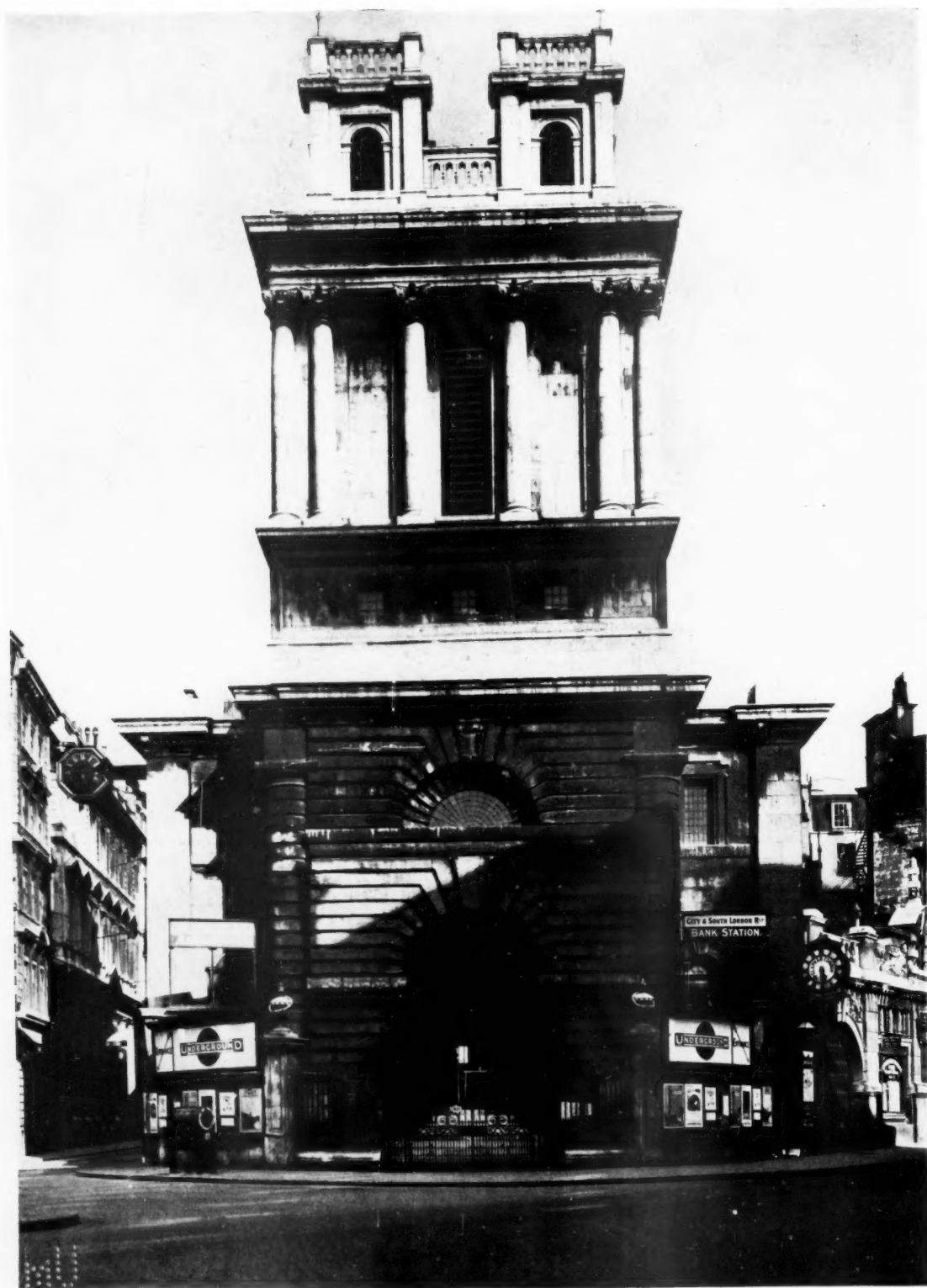


Plate I.

ST. MARY WOOLNETH.

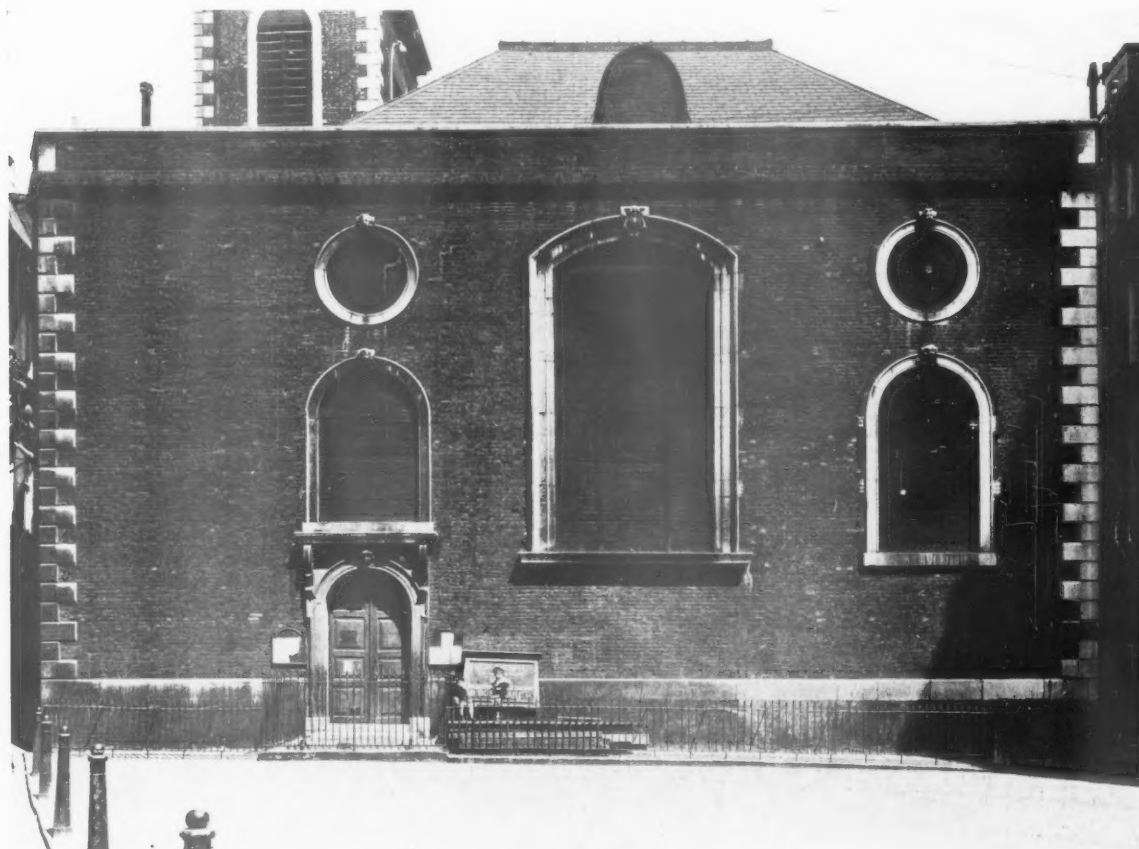
July 1920.

Should London Preserve her Churches?

By Walter H. Godfrey, F.S.A.

ON account of their drastic character, the recommendations of the Bishop of London's Commission on the City Churches have had the effect of focusing attention upon a question which, in one form or other, is always with us, but which generally fails to make any serious public impression. Vandalism in small doses is condoned by people who have never been taught to value the monuments of art and industry, and who are not moved when such monuments are lightly scrapped and abolished. It is worth while, therefore, on an occasion like the present, when the destroyer has come out

ripen as of old. How otherwise can we explain the lamentable shortcomings of to-day? In an age of marvellous mechanical achievement, of perfect and unparalleled technique, scarce an artist can be found, save one or two who painfully search in the track of the acknowledged masters of the past: and the multitude who take our galleries and museums for granted are content to leave their faculties undeveloped, and are not even perturbed by their inability to appreciate or discriminate the work of men who lived in life's fullness and spent their days in interpreting its joy.



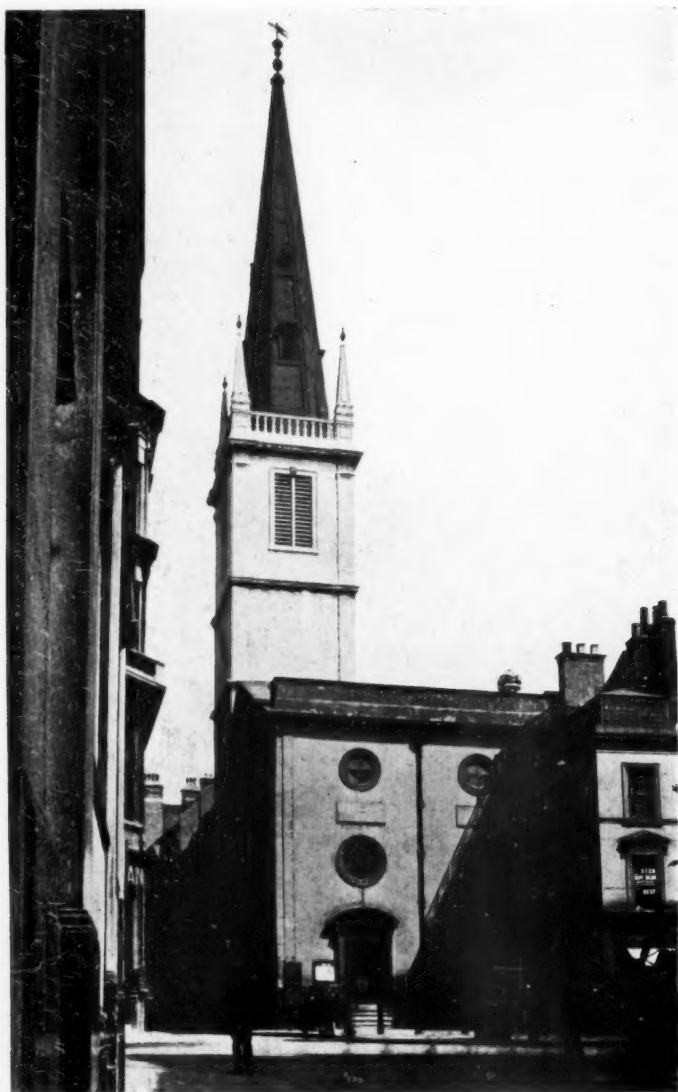
ST. MARY ABCHURCH.

(See also page 5.)

into the open and has not been ashamed to array himself in clerical vestments (with which, indeed, to do him justice, he is quite familiar), to consider the question carefully and to see whether we can discover the defect in modern life which permits an evil of which the results are irremediable.

It is not enough to be born healthy and happy into this world: we must in addition be nourished and trained in order to reach maturity and to enjoy the fullness of life itself. Without training we lack judgment, and without experience we shall grow up warped and narrow, incapable of appreciating our fellows and unable to make the best of our own lives. It is unfortunate that modern education utterly fails to enlarge the vision; indeed, in its general effect, it seems definitely to narrow and impair the faculties of perception. The old humanistic touch has gone; materialism has thrown its dull shadow over the ancient sunlit places, and the fruit of the mind does not

Yet the men and women of to-day are not without the full tide of life in their veins. Joy and sorrow, the divine beauty of human character, as well as its attendant foils, and the lines and colour of human and natural beauty, engage their lively interest; passions, impulses, and even inspiration, are yet strong and insistent. But judgment in the larger sphere is strangely lacking. Ideas are in disarray. The wildest theories gain currency. Fantastic opinions are thoughtlessly uttered. All that is expressed in the word "design"—the synthetic and creative genius which is instinct in the created universe—this, the very breath of art, seems aloof and distant from the modern mind. The masterpieces of mankind are tolerated, bought and sold for large sums, even made the occasion for fashionable parades of dress, and honoured by the dry and incomprehensible disquisitions of eminent *virtuosi*, but never arouse the people to a passion of admiration or a frenzied attempt to rival their beauty.



ST. MARGARET PATTENS.

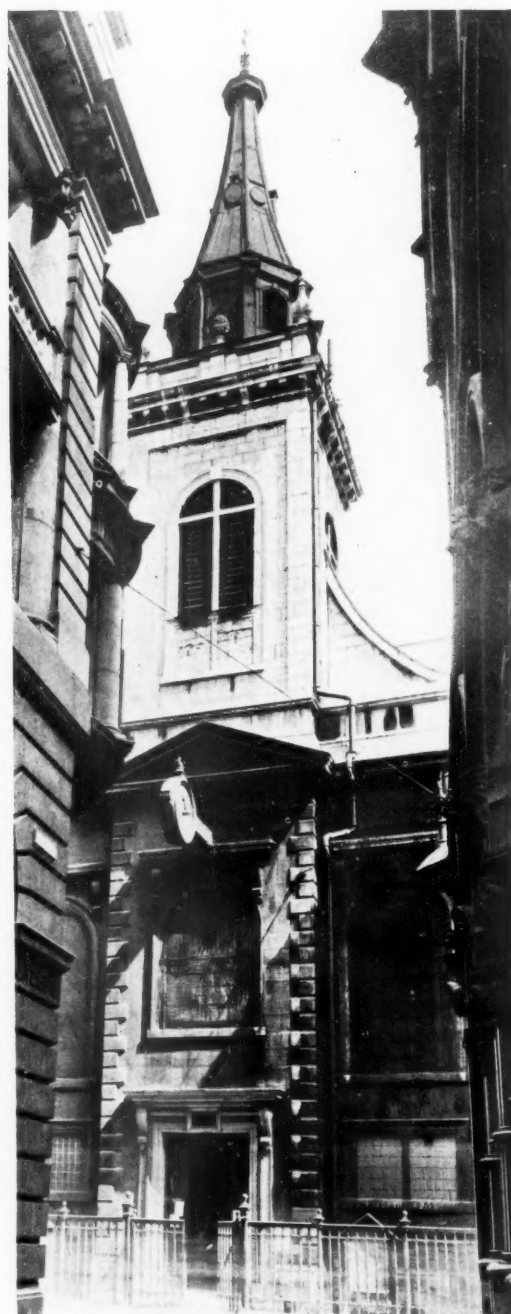
Yet not so long ago—the days of mediæval pageantry and of the excitement of the Renaissance are but a few generations past—little villages raised splendid cathedrals, tiny parishes built aisled churches, market-houses, and stately crosses, and men felt the craving to express themselves in form and colour—felt what Socrates recognized as the real germ of immortality, the passion for generation in the beautiful. The labour sickness in the country at the present time is not traceable in the main to any of the causes commonly held to explain it; it is symptomatic of a lack of interest in craft. A man's work is no longer the natural outlet for that part of his nature that cries for expression.

It is so strange a circumstance that the most essentially human organs should cease functioning, that most people refuse to believe it, and seek refuge in an attempt to prove that the whole condition of life has altered. That the conditions of life have changed there is no question, but these people deceive themselves if they judge that any change of condition, however apparently revolutionary, will in the smallest degree modify the need which men feel for art and all that it means. The short philosophy of the subject may be expressed thus: Life is a force, active, buoyant, and at times irresistible—amenable indeed to the laws of its being, but always seeking outlets for the excess of its energy. Art is the God-given companion of

periods of restless and keen activity; it carries the overflow of energy into safe channels, and at the same time soothes the agitation of conflicting forces, because its aim is ever towards harmony and towards satisfying the emotional craving of mankind. It is a greater corrective than all the laws and regulations of states and communities; its healing power extends over the whole range of human ill. A love of beautiful craftsmanship would cast a magic sleep over the distorted features of Bolshevism and all its kindred.

We have said that education has lost its old potency; and there is very little doubt that the paralysis of the art-interest is largely due to the completely changed orientation in life caused by natural science.

It is not that modern science and modern art are antagonistic. They are of the same blood, and there is too much of a family compact between them to admit of antagonism. The analytic genius of a century has been busy on a minute examination of



ST. EDMUND KING AND MARTYR.



Plate II.

ST. MARY-LE-BOW.

July 1920.

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ST. LAWRENCE JEWRY.

the structure of natural forms and of the exact working of the dynamic forces of nature which have been harnessed to our use. Our mental forces exhaust themselves on objective research. We even attach ourselves to the natural processes and regard ourselves objectively and dispassionately. Yet we have solved none of the greater mysteries of life: we have resolved none of the paradoxes which are involved in the passions and deep desires implanted in our hearts. The desire to reconcile good and evil, and the yearning for immortality, are not satisfied by the deftest of mechanical devices, nor is the principle of natural selection a touchstone which will transmute the thousand perplexing riddles of daily life into golden harmony. But music and poetry, painting and architecture, when loved and fashioned by men and women of all classes, act like a charm and bind the broken fragments of our experience into a thing which satisfies the mind and heart. For in these arts man is not merely exploiting nature for his material advantage, nor seeking knowledge for material ends; he is using the divine instinct of creation within him, forming and devising in his handiwork the harmony which he believes and wants to believe to be the underlying principle of all life.

To some it will seem that a considerable mental effort is required to gain that simple trusting attitude towards life which makes for beautiful craftsmanship for its own sake. But nothing of the kind is required. The road back to human ideals is by the study of the work of the artists of the past, of a time untouched by the particular disease that vitiates modern production. Many people are obsessed with the notion that the study of old work can only lead to the fettering of originality and the enslavement of the mind. Let us dismiss the idea utterly. Good craftsmanship yields to the student innumerable secrets of the means of expression, and inspires him to emulate, not copy, the artist. In the days of apprenticeship a gifted

master will have a great following, and among his pupils there may be some who will never rise above the standard of competent journeymen. Yet even these will not be servile copyists: they will content themselves with the discoveries of their master, and perpetuate the principles of his technique. And the pupil who has natural powers will learn during his apprenticeship a multitude of wonderful things of art and life, and the human and paternal nexus between teacher and taught will be the source of unflinching inspiration. The acquirement of knowledge of natural science is an innocent hobby, and when applied to industry has a definite material value. It is, however, a poor and limited groundwork for the development and expression of the emotions or of those ideals which the finer part of our nature demands. But let the schools begin to familiarize every boy and girl with the beautiful products of men's hands—architecture, furniture, jewellery, embroidery—let them see history through the actual products of the period, let them compare the aims and ambitions of different ages and gauge the extent of their achievement by their works of art, and it is safe to predict that these times of pathetic ignorance, indecision, and barren impotence would pass away like the mists at sunrise.

It is not a fanciful theory that the measure of our means of expression is largely dependent on our knowledge of the work of the great artists of the past, for without the language built up by them we must remain largely inarticulate. The Church, it is true, in ten centuries invented and brought to perfection a language of art which we call Gothic; but this could not become permanent, and the Renaissance proved the necessity for the world-wide conventions which we know by the name of the Classical style. If we would invent a new language, we must postulate an entirely new civilization, and one superior in staying power to the Christian Community of the Middle Ages. Moreover, in order that we should have the benefit of

the vast experience of the race, Nature has arranged that all human activities should be governed by the convention of time, instead of providing that everything should happen contemporaneously. So through the records and monuments of each age we are able to know the result of life under all conditions, and gain wisdom and judgment by their comparative study.

If, then, it is conceded that the beautiful buildings and other works of art which remain to us are necessary to our realization of any degree of proficiency ourselves, it is evident that it is our first duty in our own interests to prevent their destruction. The authentic works of a proved master such as Sir Christopher Wren, or of one of his pupils (like Hawksmoor) who came directly under his influence, form a heritage that it would be folly to throw away on any pretext, and most of all for the expressed purpose of raising money. How many artists have there not been who have lived lives of utter penury and suffered untold hardships for the sake of Art, who, with all her gentleness and her benevolent mission to mankind, takes grim toll from her own votaries! Has the Church followed the lead of our worldly minded democracy, and forsworn her doctrines of altruism and self-sacrifice? In the past the Church was perhaps the greatest of the forces that focused the national art impulses, and in her keeping are not only religious but national treasures past all price. What can we say of her if she proves unworthy of her trust, even though her way be hard and she poor while her enemies flourish?

But, apart from the Church — which many persons will regard as a body of earnest workers, saddled with immense duties and harassed for want of means, and unjustly burdened with the responsibility of preserving its numerous historical buildings—this question is of vital importance to the City, the nation, and even the Empire. Is the history of the capital a matter of unconcern to the English-speaking race throughout the world? We who hold in trust, and—to do ourselves justice—guard carefully from desecration, the holy places of so many peoples, are we to violate our own hearth? Of old time London was divided up among numerous parishes, each of which boasted its church and the monuments of its citizens. All English towns that were of importance in the Middle Ages were arranged thus, and London within its walls counted nearly

one hundred parish churches. Those who are familiar with the pages of John Stow and his narrative of the City as it was in Elizabeth's reign, will remember how impressive is the collective effect of his description of these buildings and the memorials they contained. Then came the Great Fire of 1666, and laid the majority in ashes. Did London of the Renaissance look upon this as a fortunate event, a release from the chains of mediævalism? Did the princes of the Church consult with the merchants and propose to sell the sites to enrich their coffers? On the contrary, the City strove as far as possible to repair the breach in the historical continuity of religious and secular parish life, and found in Sir Christopher Wren a man big enough to give worthy expression to the art of his time. Yet

London, impoverished by her great disaster, was not able to replace all her lost treasures. There were originally in the City and the Liberties without the walls some 108 parish churches, besides the numerous churches of monastic foundation. Fifty or more new buildings were the work of Wren, but thirty-five were not rebuilt. Since that time eighteen of Wren's churches have been wantonly destroyed, and four others removed, so that London has already lost fifty-seven out of her 108 churches, to say nothing of the damage done to many that remain, through unskilful or tasteless restoration. It is fully time that we made a stand to defend the precious remnants, and the only way is to study them and seek to make known their value and their worth.

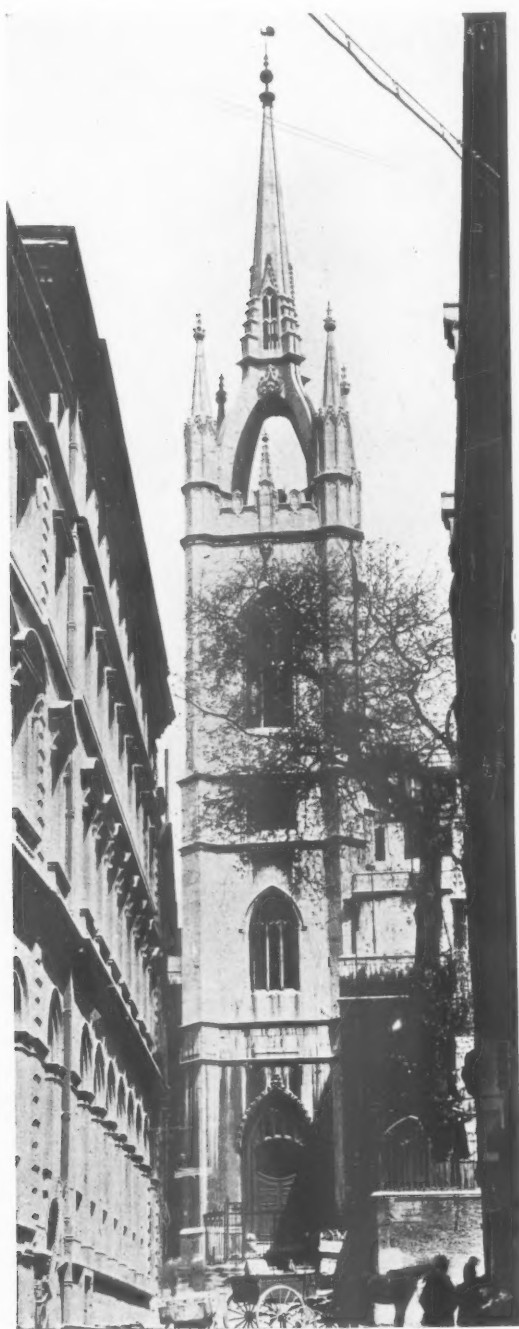
The architectural merit of Wren's fine internal designs at

St. Mary-at-Hill, and St. Anne and St. Agnes, the stately beauty of the tower of St. Alban Wood Street, and the monumental character of Hawksmoor's St. Mary Woolnoth, are surely sufficient to make their preservation an unquestioned necessity. The three churches of Christchurch Spitalfields, St. George's Bloomsbury, and St. Mary Woolnoth, are not so large a body of work from Hawksmoor's hand that we can afford to lose the last-named, which has been often threatened and only saved at immense cost. In most of the menaced buildings there are internal and external features, panelling, altar-pieces, door-cases, monuments, which apart from their fabric are robbed of all their significance and half their beauty. And what a desolate thing is a church tower without its church!



ST. NICHOLAS COLE ABBEY.

Are not the examples of St. Mary Somerset and All Hallows Staining sufficient warning against this ineptitude? Wren, Hawksmoor, even George Dance, the designer of St. Botolph, Aldgate, were artists of the first rank; they were ably seconded by their craftsmen, some of whom, like Strong, Gibbons, Tijou, attained independent fame. Are we lightly to cast their work on to the rubbish heap, to reward their toil and the liberality of citizens who gave freely to serve their church and patronize the arts, by removing what these artists and these citizens bequeathed to London for ever? Nothing will prevent any age from obliterating the works and the records of a past generation except the reflection that what is destroyed cannot be replaced and the conviction that these things are necessary to the nourishment and education of the present day and of the future. And although it is right to weigh at times the relative value of this or that building where some overwhelming consideration prevents the retention of all, it is dangerous to



ST. DUNSTAN'S IN THE EAST.



ST. MARY ABCHURCH.

(See also page 1.)

rely on the fashion of the moment and to decry the merit of a building simply to destroy it. History in its more important aspect no doubt deals with achievements of the highest order; but the acquisition of intimate knowledge and the attainment of trustworthy results require a study of as many objects as possible in their original surroundings. I can speak with personal knowledge of the removal of Crosby Hall to Chelsea, a removal undertaken only when there was no other hope of saving the fabric. Yet this building is now, as it were, a museum exhibit, a piece of fifteenth-century architecture set far from its original site, and for that reason giving no clue to the visitor of the home of Sir John Crosby in Bishopsgate, beyond showing the stones and timbers of his hall.

It is often said that we cannot preserve all that is old, since there must be room for the living; but London has not too many but far too few of the stately buildings of mediæval and Renaissance times. The destructive flood of modern commercial building has changed the whole character of London and many more of our old towns that were once remarkable for dignity and beauty, and has contributed not a little to the spirit of indifference and ignorant philistinism that we have now to combat with so much pain and toil. When those who would destroy can prove their ability to design and build more beautifully than the artists whose work is menaced—when, in brief, they can clear themselves of the sins of ignorance and incapacity, let them cast the first stone at that which has no fault beyond its age and its occupation of its ancient consecrated site.



METROPOLITAN WATER BOARD : MAIN ENTRANCE.

Current Architecture.

New Central Offices of the Metropolitan Water Board.

H. Austen Hall, F.R.I.B.A., Architect.

IN its early days a well-watered city, having its brooks and bournes and wells and its noble Father Thames, whence water could be taken as it was wanted, London, as its population grew, was compelled to systematize its water supply. At first the people went to the water, and afterwards it became necessary to bring the water to the people. Conduits were set up, such as the Great Conduit at the east end of West Cheap, which was "begun to be built in the year 1235." In the fourteenth century water for domestic uses could be taken from

proper, and convenient to be brought and conveyed to the same." In 1589-90, four reservoirs were formed on Hampstead Heath. To these another was added in 1777 in the Vale of Health, and subsequently eight other reservoirs were constructed between Caen Wood and Kentish Town. These works were acquired from the Hampstead Water Company by the New River Company in 1855.

Harking back to 1582, we find that in that year a Dutchman named Peter Morice built a water-wheel within the first arch



VIEW FROM ROSEBERY AVENUE.

the conduits without payment, but a charge was made to brewers, cooks, and fishmongers who wanted it for the purposes of trade, the proceeds going towards the upkeep of the conduits. Lambe's Conduit, founded by a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal of Henry VIII, was rebuilt in 1667 by Sir Christopher Wren.

By 1544 the conduits had become insufficient as a source of supply, and in that year an Act of Parliament was obtained empowering the Corporation of the City of London to convey water to London from "dyvers great and plentiful springs at Hampstede Hethe, Marybon, Hakkney, Muswell Hill, and dyvers places within fyve miles of the saide Citie, very mete,

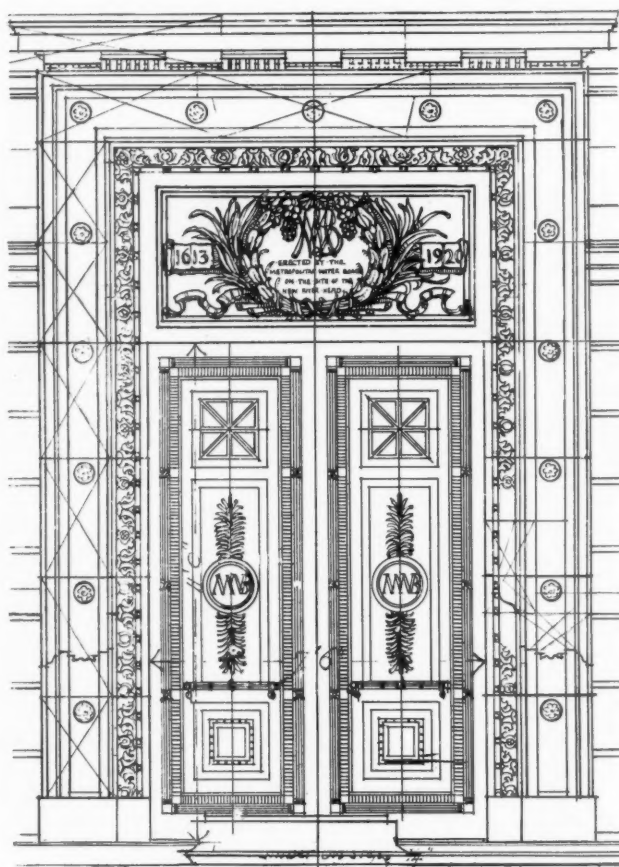
of London Bridge, and in 1594 a large horse-engine was erected at Broken Wharf, near Blackfriars Bridge, by Bevis Bulwar.

In 1605 and 1606 Acts were passed giving the Corporation power to bring water to London from the streams of Chadwell and Amwell, in Hertfordshire, and, in an indenture dated 21 April 1609, Master Hugh Myddelton, citizen and goldsmith, undertook responsibility for the scheme. Myddelton soon found that the enterprise was beyond his means. He therefore formed a company of "Adventurers" to share in it. Many obstacles were put in his way, and, under a deed dated 2 May 1612, King James I agreed to provide half the cost of

the work on condition of receiving half the profits. Then the work was carried to completion, and on 29 September 1613, some five years after the commencement of the work, the waters of Amwell and Chadwell springs first entered the reservoir known as the New River Head, in the parish of Clerkenwell. By the award of a court of arbitration in 1903, the Metropolitan Water Board acquired the undertaking for about £7,792,000, with, in addition, £9,500 for possession of the offices at the New River Head, including the celebrated oak room.

When, in 1914, the Metropolitan Water Board decided to erect new central offices on the site of the New River Head in Rosebery Avenue, they invited six architects to send in designs. The design of Mr. Austen Hall, F.R.I.B.A., was selected.

The building occupies an area of about one acre, forming an irregular five-sided figure. Two sides face Rosebery Avenue, and on three sides there are filter-beds. Accommodation for all the depart-



DETAIL OF MAIN ENTRANCE.

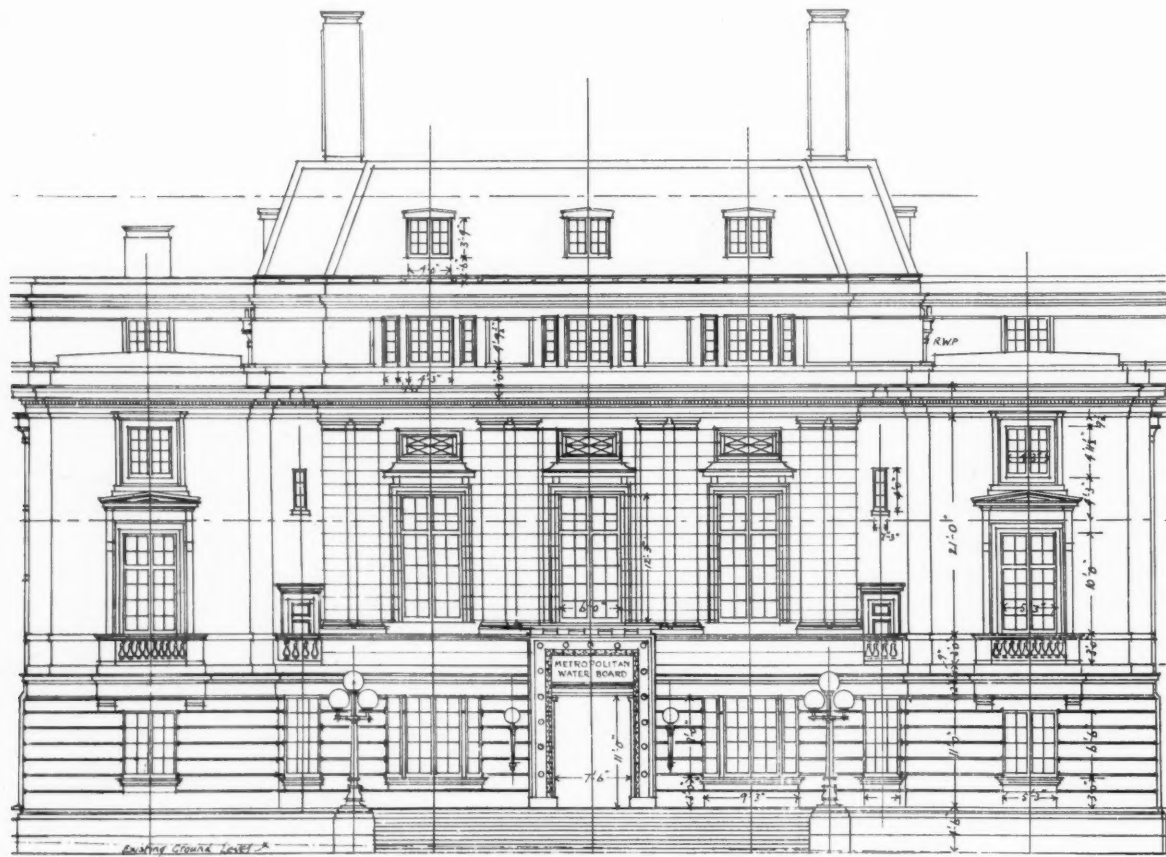
ments of the Board is comprised under one roof.

The circular reservoir on the site of the old cistern of the New River Company was paved with York stone flags, and these have been relaid in and around the building to preserve as far as possible the historical interest of the site.

The new elevations are a modern expression of English Renaissance architecture, the materials being red brick and stone. It was necessary to observe strict economy in the design, which therefore has been kept somewhat severe in character.

A condition of the competition was that considerable space should be left for future extension, and this is provided for in the roof story, to which additions may be made at a later date. This provision explains the incomplete appearance of the building as seen from Rosebery Avenue.

The main entrance of the building bears the dates 1613 (that of the opening of the New River Head) and 1920 (that of the



METROPOLITAN WATER BOARD: DETAIL OF FRONT ELEVATION.

CURRENT ARCHITECTURE.

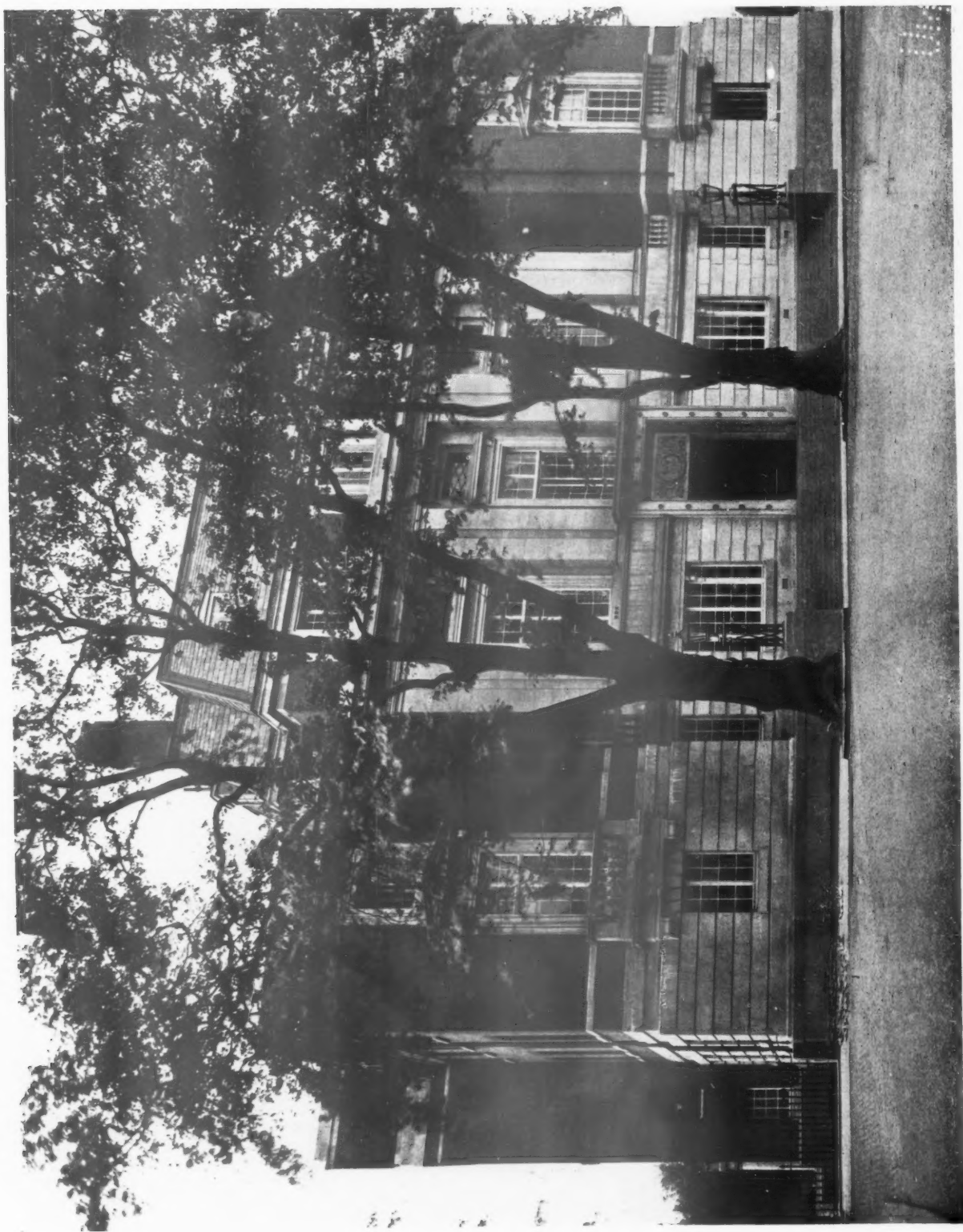
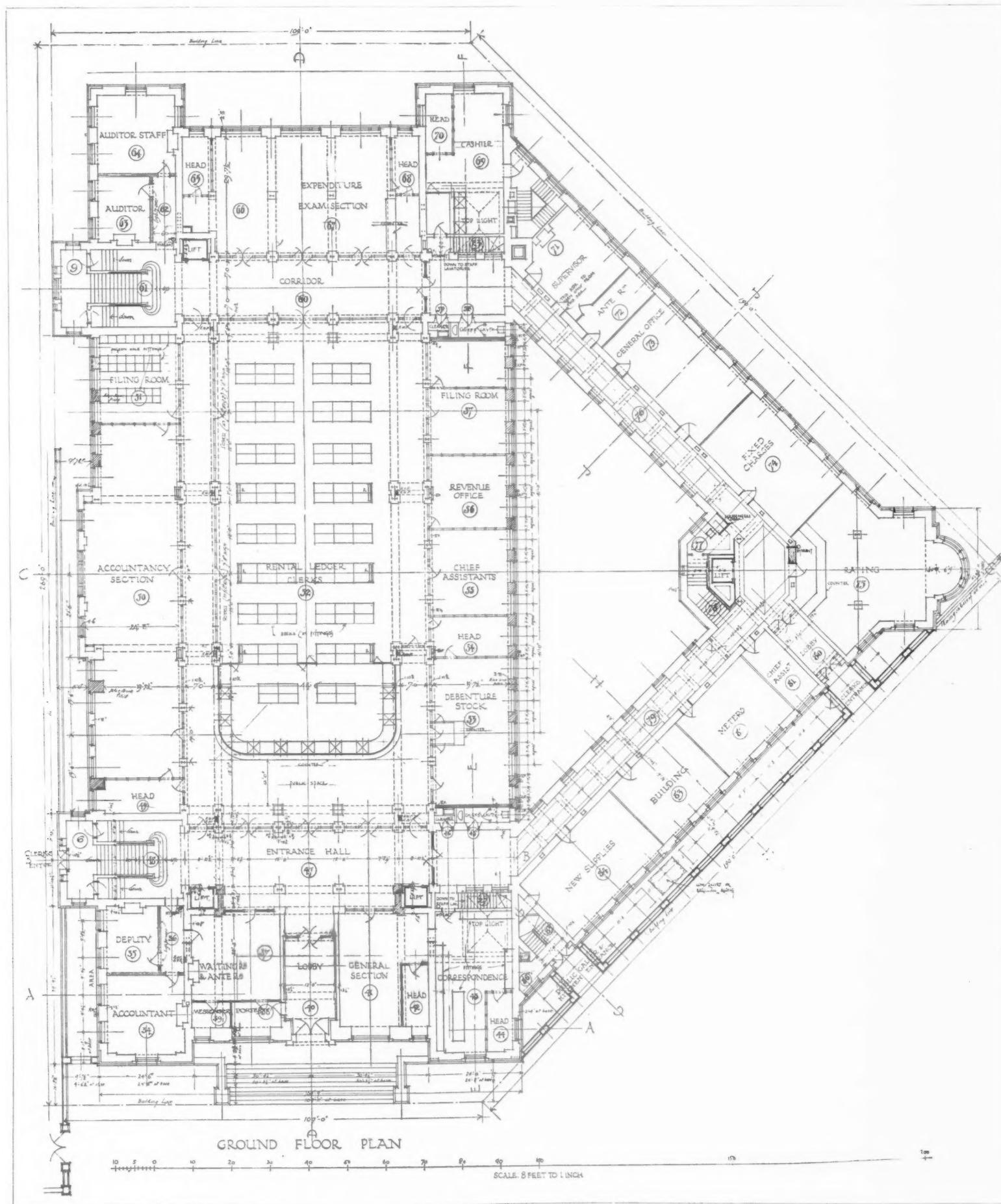


Plate III.

METROPOLITAN WATER BOARD : FRONT ELEVATION.

July 1920.

2





ELEVATION TO ROSEBERY AVENUE.

erection of the New Central Offices). The entrance hall, which is paved with marble (the offices having wood-block floors), is decorated with the seals of the eight water companies of London which are now incorporated in the Water Board. The old seal of the "Governor and Company of the New River brought from Chadwell and Amwell to London" was a rather beautiful piece of symbolism, representing rain descending from an open hand upon a city, with the motto "Et plui super unam civitatem." On this it is remarked, in the handsome booklet produced as a souvenir of the inauguration by the King and Queen, on 15 March 1913, of the Chingford Reservoir, that "As all water-supply comes from the clouds, the motto is of singular appropriateness, not only with reference to this physical fact, but to the amalgamation of the undertakings of the eight Metropolitan water companies in one administrative authority. The motto itself is taken from the Vulgate, being part of verse 7 of the fourth chapter of Amos," of which Sir Lee Brenton's translation is as follows: "Also I withheld from you the rain three months before the harvest: and I will rain upon one city, and on another city I will not rain: one part shall be rained upon, and the part on which I shall not rain shall be dried up."

The importance of the functions that these buildings are required to fulfil, and more especially their huge magnitude, may be inferred from some statistics given in the before-mentioned souvenir. The statutory area that the Board supplied was then 560 square miles. The population served was, according to the census of 1911, 6,629,165. The storage capacity was for thirteen thousand million gallons. The filters occupied 169 acres. The daily supply amounted to 244 million gallons. There were 6,334 miles of mains; and there were 270 engines, of a total horse-power of 41,195; while 63,218 fire hydrants were served. On these stupendous figures it is com-

mented that the population supplied is nearly a million more than the total population of Australia and New Zealand, and represents fifteen per cent. of the population of Great Britain and Ireland. It is added, in picturesque style, that the average daily supply of 244 million gallons would twice fill a tank the size of Trafalgar Square ($2\frac{1}{2}$ acres) and the height of Nelson's column. The average supply per head per day was $36\frac{1}{2}$ gallons, reaching, in the summer, $42\frac{1}{2}$ gallons, or more than a barrel of good water every day for every man, woman, and child in a population of nearly seven millions. The supply to each house every day would weigh nearly a ton. All which goes to show how heavy a burden of business is transacted in the offices of the Metropolitan Water Board, of which we propose to give interior views in a future issue.

Messrs. Rice & Son of Stockwell were the principal contractors, and Mr. W. Scott acted as clerk of works.

Other contracts include:—The asphalt work by Messrs. Limmer Asphalte Company; bricks by S. & E. Collier; stone work by Messrs. United Stone Firms; stone carving by Messrs. Broadbent & Son; staircases, reinforced-concrete construction, by Messrs. Bradford & Co.; steelwork by Messrs. Young & Co.; fireproof floors by Messrs. Diespeker & Co.; tiles by Messrs. Carter & Co.; slates by Mr. R. J. Ames; casement fittings by Messrs. Leggott & Co.; patent glazing and fittings by Messrs. Wootton & Co.; stoves, grates, and mantels by Messrs. Bratt, Colbran & Co.; sanitary ware and fittings by Messrs. Shanks & Co.; lead down-pipes and r.-w. heads by Messrs. Wainwright & Waring; wood-block flooring by Messrs. Acme Flooring Company, Ltd.; marble flooring and stair treads by Messrs. Whitehead & Son; electric wiring by Messrs. Strode & Son; plasterwork by Messrs. A. & S. Wheeler & Co.; panelling, chimneypieces, etc., by Messrs. Elliott & Son; carved doors by Mr. Lawrence Turner; art metalwork by Messrs. Singer & Sons; electric-light fixtures by Messrs. Strode & Co. and Messrs. Faraday & Son; door furniture by Messrs. Chas. Smith & Sons; gates and railings by Messrs. H. T. Allen & Co.; folding gates, shutters, etc., by Messrs. Bostwick Company; wall hangings by Messrs. Osborne, Ltd.; lifts and cranes by Messrs. Waygood-Otis, Ltd.; heating and ventilating by Messrs. Jeffreys & Co., Ltd.; bells and telephones by Messrs. Strode & Co.; strong-room doors and safes by Mr. John Tann; clocks by Ma-neta Time Company, Ltd.; cooking machinery by Messrs. Briffault Range Company; cloakroom fixtures by Messrs. Gibbons & Son.

MONUMENTAL FOUNTAINS: II.

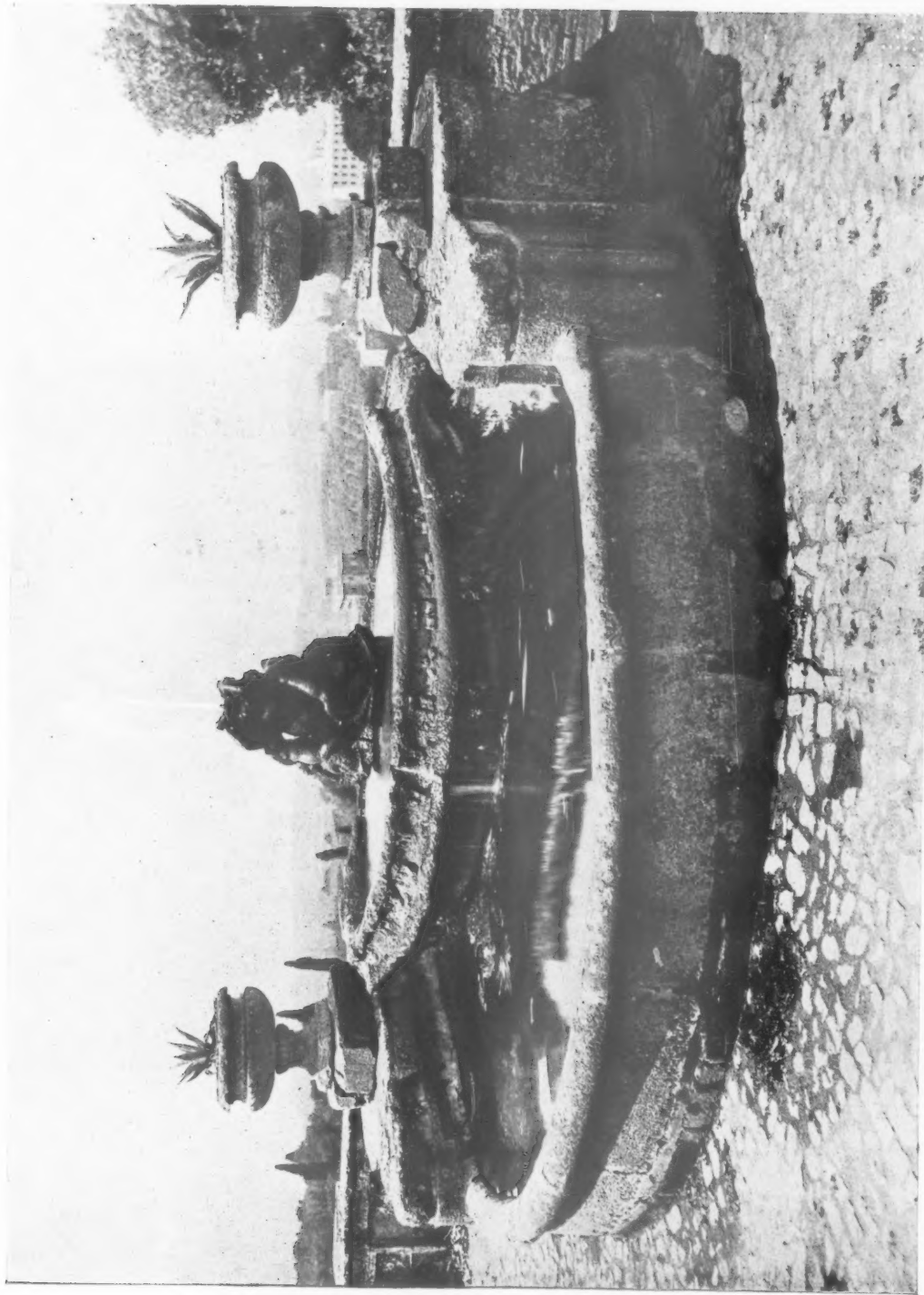


Plate IV. July 1920.

FOUNTAIN ON THE TERRACE, VILLA ALDOBRANDINI, FRASCATI, ITALY.
Giacomo Della Porta (1541-1604), Architect.

Photo: Alinari.



The Charm of the Country Town.

III—St. Ives, Cornwall.

By Frank L. Emanuel. With Illustrations by Captain R. Borlase Smart.

WHAT delightful visions of wooded combes, smiling estuaries, sapphire seas, fretted rock-bound shores, and silvery strands, the very words "West Country" conjure up!

And then the reality, far surpassing the dream! The joy of rapidly travelling westward, on a line so perfectly laid that motion is almost imperceptible, increases as one passes beyond the familiar Thames Valley to beautiful Devon and over the Saltash Bridge, into Cornwall, the land of the Giants.

Cornwall is a county that is by repute a brown and barren peninsula of rocks fringed with an impressive jagged line of cruel cliffs. As a matter of fact, the most gloriously wooded scenery on the whole of the long journey to St. Ives lies within Cornwall among the verdant combes between Doublebois (pronounced "Double boys" if you would be in the fashion) and Bodmin. Then again, perfect beaches of hard white sand share the coast-line with precipitous cliffs against whose very feet the ocean is always warring.

One gets one's first view of St. Ives after leaving the little port of Hayle, a queer little town that can neither make up its mind to remain attractive and, as in the past, an inspiration to artists, nor yet to become an absolutely hideous manufacturing town and a blot on its ideal surroundings.

Close at hand, and once past the Hayle estuary, where the river slides between splendid dunes over a turbulent and truculent bar out into the smiling Bay of St. Ives, our train speeds along below Lelant Church, perched on its sandhills, to the margin of the sea.

While skirting one lovely little inner bay after another, and apparently making straight over the rocks into the surging sea far below, we espy in the offing what might be some giant prehistoric lizard basking in the sun and glistening silvery in the intense lapis-lazuli blue and emerald green of the summer sea. Overhead is an exquisitely gradated blue sky with little silvery wisps of cirrus cloud—the kind of sky to which, in these parts, one gets accustomed.

That lizard is old St. Ives. Having passed Carbis Bay, a rapidly growing pleasure resort, which is an "overflow

meeting" from St. Ives, one reaches the terminus in the midst of newer St. Ives. Some railway stations—most, perhaps—and their surroundings cause one to doubt the wisdom of one's choice of venue. Here, on the contrary, one is in the midst of untold beauties, including a view of the shining waters of the great bay and mile after mile of its lovely shores.

St. Ives is the very antithesis of those seaside places which boast of having had all the natural curves of their coast line suppressed by a terrible straight promenade and a cast-iron pier sticking out at right angles from it. St. Ives is primarily a fisherman's and an artist's town. Within the main bay the

granite-built maze of closely packed streets and alley-ways clusters on the peninsula that once was actually and is still called the Island. This long projection separates two by two the four minor bays within the urban area, those of the busy harbour and of Porthminster to the north, and of the Battery and Porthmeor to the south. This conformation gives so many entirely different aspects to, and outlooks from, the place that it never palls on one.

Porthminster beach, of hard, gleaming sand, stretches its lovely curve between the two minor

headlands of Porthminster Point and of Pedn Olva. In summer, lined with little tents, it is brilliant with crowds of joyous visitors revelling in the bright sunshine and brilliant sea. Porthminster's mermaids are every whit as alluring and as daring as those of France's gayest resorts across the Channel. It is over thirty years since I first pointed out that with judicious development on Continental lines, and advertisement of its climate, etc., this part of our coast could be made so attractive as to induce those who annually go and spend their wealth in foreign Rivas to patronize our own instead. The district is now called the English Riviera, and its popularity is rapidly increasing. Climbing from the steep and wooded confines of the bay are ranged the more modern hotels and villas. Drawn up on the upper part of the beach are numbers of the huge black Norse-looking double-ended seine-boats, which were used in capturing the pilchard before that fish ceased to visit these waters.

Between Porthminster and the Harbour there projects the rocky point of Pedn Olva, and a section of beach encumbered



"DOWN-ALONG," ST. IVES.



NORWAY LANE, ST. IVES.

with great boulders, on top of which are built the tall and most picturesque old houses known as the Warren. Solidly built of stone, they have withstood the thundering onslaughts of the billows for centuries. I have personally known the spray come down a chimney and extinguish my fire in a room of what was once the smuggling Bell Inn, but latterly has been a studio, part of which formed the setting for Bramley's "Hopeless Dawn." It is actually proposed by the Town Council to pull down the whole of this quarter, which clings to the rocks, in order to build a Marine Drive which no one wants, and which would be a mere duplication of what already exists in "The Terrace" above. It is to be hoped they will not destroy such beauties of the place as are its main attraction, but will confine their destructive energy to ridding the town of some of its upstart vulgarities. The council are also, I hear, threatening to pull down the old fishermen's quarter along the Wharf (harbour edge) to make room for a re-housing scheme, but they are reckoning without the peculiarly tenacious and obstinate fishermen. The proportion of physically or mentally unfit persons is regrettably large, and is possible partly due to the number of houses in narrow ways to which the sun can never penetrate, and to other housing disabilities. The men say they will never be ousted from their eyries on the edge of the beach where their work lies, and will refuse to have their beloved "Island" (the nearest open ground) built over with alternative houses. The probability is that the old quarters which are so characteristic of the place will remain and be used for the purposes of the fish trade and (their upper stories) as studios, while residence will be forbidden in unsuitable buildings, an outlet for the dispossessed being found well within a quarter-mile on the confines of Porthmeor beach.

The Warren is overshadowed by the Malakoff, a bastion on the main road up and out to Lelant and Hayle, and the chief

promenade and rendezvous in St. Ives. Below and between us and the harbour is the fine old parish church with its noble tower. The outer edge of the little churchyard is washed by the waves. The road from the Warren runs close to the other side of the building; and seeing that the churchyard, and a charming but unused ornamental garden across the Warren Road, are permanently closed to the public, and that the Church Square, at the centre of the old town, is almost completely occupied by a traffic impediment in the shape of a mean and shabby modern market hall with council room above, it is impossible to get a fair view of this fine building.

The gardens with their welcome greenery should be open to the public, even if the cost of taking measures to prevent their feared destruction by children were entailed. The market hall should be removed from the Church Square, leaving it an open space. A Town Hall worthy of the town should then be erected on the side of the disencumbered space opposite the church. It is known that the large number of fishermen who remained in St. Ives during the war have become quite wealthy. Beside the church runs a lane leading to the new West Pier running out into the harbour and to the great semicircle of "the Wharf," "Down-along," etc., which border the harbour. The West Pier is an idlers' paradise, whence may be noticed all the activities of the harbour on one side, and of the glistening bay on the other, of the artists feverishly recording the movements of boats and water, of boating and fishing parties, and, later, of gorgeous moonrises over waters studded with the twinkling lights of a hundred dancing fishercraft—lights rivalling their colder counterparts in the serene sky overhead.

The harbour-side quays, some of them under water at high tide, are lined with a succession of ancient weather-beaten houses and lofts redolent of the ocean. Mostly built of great

blocks of stone and granite, their upper stories and roofs frequently covered with grey-green slates, they present an endless variety of form and features—bound together, however, under a general tone of silver-white and silver-grey, here and there tarnished with golden rust. The ground floor of these sturdy buildings frequently takes the form of a mysterious patio, sometimes of great area; its overhangings are held up by what look like heavy timber columns, but prove to be granite monoliths; a square opening skywards in the centre of the space distributes a dim light to these fish “cellars,” hung with all kinds of tackle. In times of great catches they are the scene of tremendous activity, excitement, and monetary profit. On the floor above may be fishermen’s homes, and above them, under the roof-beams and rafters, the most lovable old studios in the wide world, opening direct on to the never-ending moving pictures of harbour and bay.

Behind these houses, others of a similar character rise tier upon tier at every variety of angle; dark and narrow ways giving entry to little lanes and passages which worm their way through to the upper heights between the tall houses. Here and there an odd irregular square surprises one, here and there a huge immovable boulder as large as a house has had amazingly to be accepted as a necessary evil in the midst of the congeries of wriggling by-ways and crowded haphazard buildings.

Farther along, the tides have piled the sand up to the road level of the quays, and hereabouts every morning the night’s

catch of fish is basketed up from the graceful sailing luggers (now being given greater freeboard and converted into Naval auxiliaries), or from the newer business-like motor “mules” and cibles. Fish of a dozen different varieties are ranged on the sand in lots, and are auctioned to the fish buyers whose little shanty offices, along with the fishermen’s lodges or look-out clubs, crowd the beach. Once sold, gutting, washing, and other bloody operations, performed with marvellous speed in the open, take place, and this beach is never free from the odorous debris, despite certain efforts by the Corporation, by the tides, and by the screaming, swirling clouds of petulant sea-gulls. A gull sits on every mast-head, along the gunwales of the boats, and along the roof ridges. The scenes hereabouts, with the background of the fishing fleet, the stone pier and its two lighthouses, and the distant pine-clad heights, teem with subject matter for the painter, the photographer, the poet, and the lucky idler. Towards the farther point of the harbour, where wooden vessels are still built upon the beach, the line of houses is frequently cut to allow of the entry of a “wynd,” and the colour-washes of pink and yellow on the walls, added to the whitewashed roofs, seen under intense blue skies, give this part of the town an intensely foreign and southern look. The modern Mariners’ Church in the midst of the old town is a most picturesque building which harmonizes splendidly with its surroundings.

The pier is hung with festoons of tanned fishing nets, and



HICKS COURT, ST. IVES.

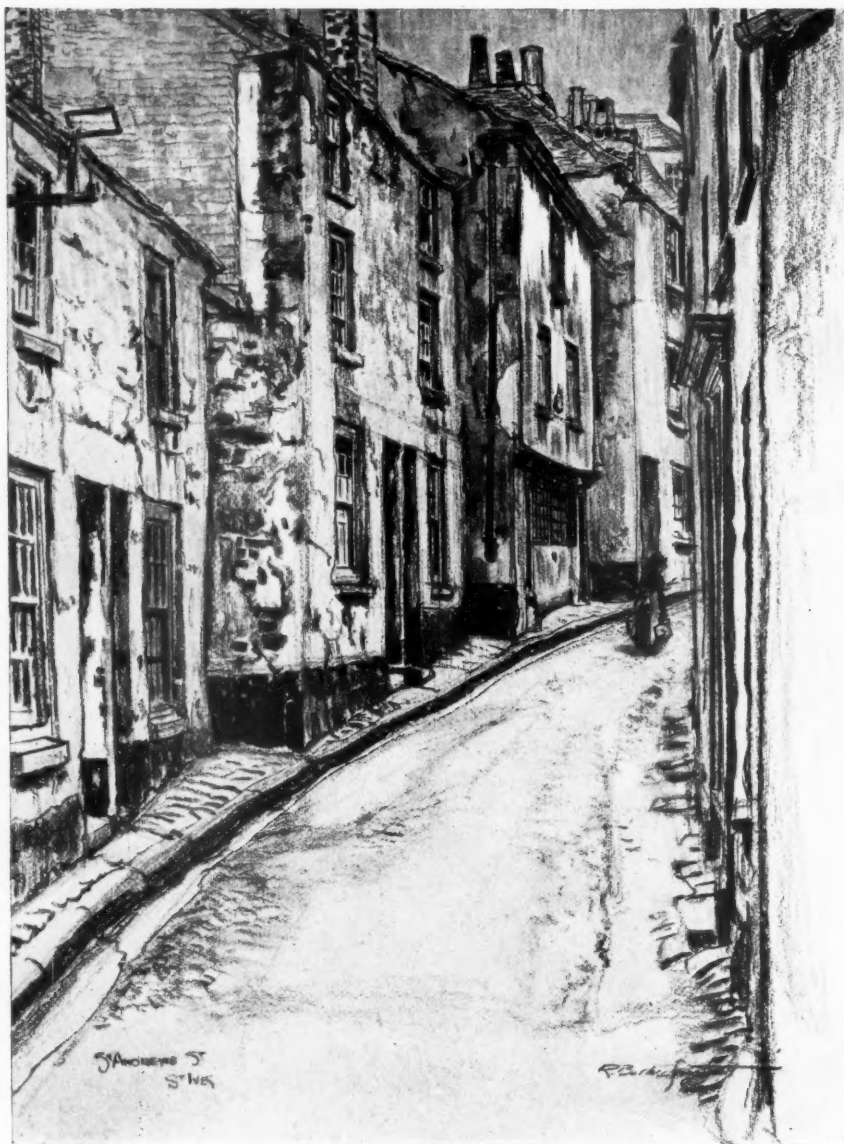
fair-sized merchant craft come up alongside. At its one-time end there is a squat and sturdy mediæval-looking lighthouse which is the delight of artists. At the present pier-head is another of less ample girth, which at night shows towards the town a green light, whose reflections are a valuable feature in the beauty of the scene.

Back from the roots of the pier lies the rockbound promontory known as the Island, capped with an ancient chapel which has been restored in recent years. On the short grass of the Island's steep surface the fishermen dry their nets, tan their sails, and peer seawards over the deep blue and green waters enraged into blinding white foam where their advance is forbidden by cruel jagged rocks.

Between the Island and the next rocky headland of Clodgy lies the lovely bay of Porthmeor, a semi-circle of lovely clean sand out of which rise here and there tawny shaggy rocks. Into this bay ride in majestic ranks the magnificent crested rollers of the Atlantic. At the town end of the bay along a segment of the circle rises straight out of the sand an unbroken line of lofty stone walls. A few years ago no windows opened from these "cellars" on to the Atlantic; but now, braving the storming of the seas, great studio windows and top lights have broken out all along their upper portions. Even this alteration has not removed the likeness of this spot to a bit of Tunisian or Moroccan coast town. From Clodgy to the Land's End lie the awe-inspiring cliffs and rocks which are held to be typical of the picturesque Cornish coast. St. Ives is spreading rapidly, especially along the valley that runs back from the sea to the splendid moorlands of the hinterland with their steep tors, reputed to be the playground of boisterous giants and ogres. They are crowned with Druidical temples and ancient camps, and dotted with the solid and picturesque ruins of the engine-houses of deserted mines.

As I have stated, St. Ives and its neighbourhood is an unending joy to those who are sensible to the beauties of nature and of an ancient town and haven; but there is just one fly in the ointment.

The number of what have been humorously called "fancy religions" that have their meeting-houses and chapels in the



ST. ANDREW'S STREET, ST. IVES.

place is extraordinary. The religious fervour of their adherents is also extraordinary. One wonders if the large but unsuspected Welsh element has anything to do with this feature. Now, the unpleasant outcome of otherwise harmless peculiarities is a bigoted and mediæval intolerance which leads to punishable interference with the lawful liberty of the subject. The fishermen will not fish or permit boating on Sundays, nor will they allow those from elsewhere to land fish on that day, or sell a Sunday's catch on Monday. That is their affair—and it has led to bloodshed. But they go further: they will use force to prevent an artist or a visitor, to whom every day's practical adoration of the works of God is valuable, from sketching or painting on Sunday. Should one unaccustomed to the practices of these ignoramuses venture out with a notebook, if only to sketch some little detail in a quiet

spot, busybodies will soon be heard shouting out "No sketchin' allowed on Sundays," and if he persist they will molest him.

The bigots have even been known to enter private studios in which artists have been reported at work on Sundays and to have destroyed or damaged works intended for exhibition, despite the fact that most likely the rent the artist is paying allows a fisherman and his family to live rent free. I have known of inoffensive lady artists' work destroyed by native women on week-days on some idiotic charge, and destroyed, moreover, with impunity.

This lawlessness should be put down with a strong hand by the local authorities if St. Ives fishermen are not to remain a laughing-stock and worse. They have not the excuse of being any better than other people, despite their sanctimoniousness, for although I know of no community more tender with their little babes and children, there are other traits, unnecessary to mention, that neither justify nor atone for their austere censorship of the stranger within their gates—a censorship that, in effect, amounts to bigoted persecution. I mention it more in sorrow than in anger, and one is the more surprised that it should be allowed to continue, seeing that it is so flagrant a contradiction of the generally kindly nature of the Cornish folk. They are, however, like most Celts, formally religious to the

verge of superstition, and that must be their excuse. Living in an extreme corner of Britain that is rather remote, if not from civilization, then from the modern movement, how should they know that Sabbatarianism is obsolete, and that whether or not it is wicked to sketch on Sunday is purely a matter of "pious opinion" about which they have no earthly right to dogmatize? There is no need to dwell on the subject, but it seemed necessary to warn sketchers of this odd eccentricity of the good folk of St. Ives, lest disagreeable incidents should arise through ignorance of its existence—lest they might chance to find out by bitter experience the peculiarly sensitive sanctity of the saints of St. Ives.

St. Ives, Cornwall, situated on the bay of the same name, eighteen miles north-west from Falmouth, is not to be confounded (as it frequently is by the postal service!) with St. Ives in Huntingdonshire, which is a pretty little market town on the Ouse, and has a handsome stone bridge and a fine parish church, and where, probably, sketching on Sundays is not sternly prohibited by a population that is righteous over-much and, in this little matter of sketcher-baiting, is even more rowdy than righteous. But St. Ives, Cornwall, maugre this trifling drawback, is certainly a paradise for painters.

Notes on the Illustrations.

Captain R. Borlase Smart, R.B.A., who contributes the accompanying illustrations to Mr. Emanuel's article, is one of the few members of the art colony there who have ever set themselves to record the architectural features of the picturesque old town.

Many painters have worked their way to fame in St. Ives, many more indeed than in the better known Newlyn (the

Newlyn "School" itself was born in St. Ives), and most of them have tackled fisher-folk, marine, or landscape subjects.

Captain Smart, recently settled in the town, has not only adopted a new line of studies, but has already endeared himself and his work to the natives of the town, despite their sometimes queer attitude to artists. To the connoisseur his masterly drawings, done with bold outlines of charcoal, duly set, and completed with washes of frank water-colours, are bound to appeal. The sureness of their drawing and the directness and rapid completeness of their handling are bound to tell.

Captain Smart wishes eventually to devote himself to seascape. It is to be hoped, however, that he will first make a complete series of records of old St. Ives, and then perhaps touch the unbroken field of the very characteristic old St. Ives interiors. The Captain is a native of Kingsbridge, Devon. He attended the Municipal Art Classes at Plymouth, and at South Kensington. While at Plymouth he acted as artist and art critic to the "Western Morning News" and the "Naval and Military Record." He joined the Artists' Rifles at the outbreak of war, and gave valued service in several units. The Imperial War Museum acquired several of his drawings from a most successful exhibition of his work recently shown at the Fine Art Society's Gallery. As an oil-painter he is rapidly forging ahead; a fine seascape of his was a feature of the recent show of the Royal Society of British Artists.

The illustrations here reproduced are from paintings in which the colouring is extremely vigorous. Naturally, therefore, the reproductions in black-and-white cannot do them full justice; yet the manner in which they have stood this crucial test of translation from one medium to another is strong evidence of the vigour and soundness of the drawing in the originals.



THE HARBOUR SHORE, ST. IVES.



NO. 27 CHURCH ROW, HAMPSTEAD.
Chimneypiece in Drawing-Room.

Decoration and Furniture from the Restoration to the Regency.

VII—Some Old English Furniture in an Old-time Environment.

By Ingleson C. Goodison.

FOR the right appreciation of Old English furniture it should be seen amidst the appropriate environment of an old house. There the several pieces group themselves naturally and effectively—a formal background of paneling dictates the proper disposition of cabinet and sideboard, of portraits in their carven frames, of silver scone and crystal chandelier. A handsome chimney-piece sets off a flower- or bird-piece nobly, and fittingly enshrines a mirror of gilded gesso, bright andirons and armorial firebacks; overdoor pictures accentuate the doorcases, with their carven architraves and doors of golden wainscot or tawny mahogany, elegantly panelled, and mounted with gilt brass lock-cases pierced and engraved.

Here the arts of architecture, painting, and sculpture play each a part. The woodcarver is no less skilled and fastidious an artist than the limner; carpets, curtains, and upholstery are vehicles for glowing yet harmonious colour; every article of use or adornment bespeaks a chastened taste, great manipulative excellence, prudential choice of fine material.

This country fortunately abounds in admirable specimens of domestic architecture of all periods and in every variety of size, and is rich in examples of the accessory arts of decoration and furniture. The nation's splendid patrimony, however, has descended, for the most part, into spendthrift hands, and every day witnesses the destruction, spoliation, or alienation of a masterpiece which we can never re-create

or replace, whose value indeed is intrinsic rather than monetary.

It is well for the artistic credit of the nation if an old house falls into sympathetic hands, to enter upon a new life of useful service, renewed beauty and amenity; marvelous recoveries can be effected with the most simple remedies if measures be taken in time, and there are not wanting delicate arts of "house surgery" to which the graver cases will unfailingly respond.

What task could be more agreeable than the complete rehabilitation of an old house and garden? To be privileged to tread in the footsteps, maybe, of Inigo Jones or Wren, of Kent, Chambers, or Adam; to employ anew the talents of Van Dyck, Gibbons, Marot, or Chippendale; to gather together masterpieces of great artists and the veritable handiwork of skilled craftsmen—unhappily scattered afar owing to the vicissitudes of noble families, or the vagarious mutations of fashion; to repair the ravages of time and neglect; to preserve, for the use and delight of future generations, not merely fragments torn from their proper environment, but complete exemplars of the golden epochs of



TOP OF WALNUT BUREAU-CABINET.

Temp. William & Mary.

British art, when every object was permeated by the essence of a great national style, is indeed an occupation of absorbing interest.

It will generally be found that time has dealt more kindly with old buildings than have Philistine ownership and



A SPINET BY EDWARD BLUNT, DATED 1664.
In a Walnut Case.



WILLIAM & MARY TWIST-LEG TABLE.
Veneered with Walnut.



GUÉRIDON TABLE IN WALNUT.
Temp. William & Mary.

DECORATION AND FURNITURE.



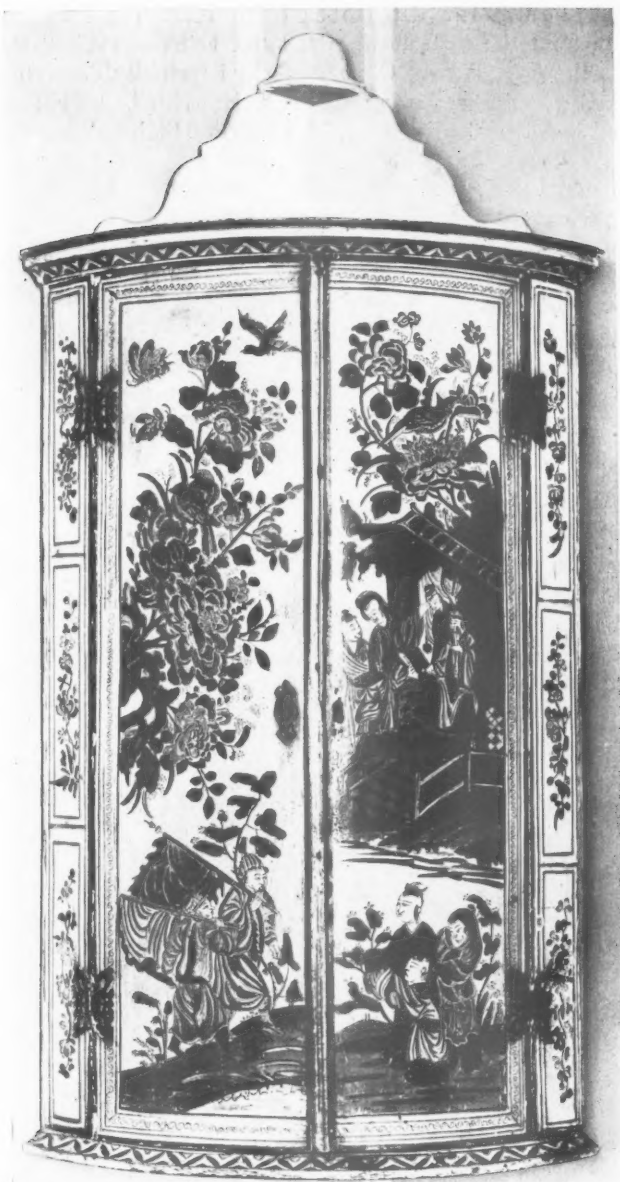
Plate V.

WALNUT CABINET.

July 1920.

The upper portion corresponds closely with contemporary Oriental lacquer cabinets.

70



CORNER CUPBOARD IN PALE YELLOW LACQUER
WITH POLYCHROME DECORATION.

occupation. While the Arts were alive, while culture was more diffused, while owners were solicitous to improve their estates and better equipped for the use of leisure, the gentle progress of the years served only to tone and perfect the forms and outlines—brick, stone, and lead mellowed and bleached under the influence of sun, wind, and rain; moss and lichen clothed with a green mantle or wove intricate lace-like patterns over bare surfaces, harmonizing the colours with an exquisite artistry. The varnish on oak, walnut, or mahogany toned and ripened with advancing years; the friction of use created thousands of brilliant facets, lines, and points, to catch the sparkling play of light. Changes of fashion made startling apparition in these placid interiors, only to assume familiar aspects—the present perpetually transmuting itself into the past—and many an old house presents in its successive adornments an epitome of social and political history, and preserves “the fragrance of old times, of pathetic memories, of past glory,” which we should be loath to destroy.

Some districts of London still contain not only single houses but whole thoroughfares involved amidst their meaner



AN EARLY BAROMETER
IN WALNUT.

details, which still remain comparatively unspoiled, legacies of that fortunate period when Art touched life at every point. One of these thoroughfares, Church Row, Hampstead, has suffered lightly from the march of “progress,” and in No. 26, which still bears its fine door-hood of carved wood, is enshrined the collection of Old English furniture, some items of which, by favour of the owner,* we are privileged to represent in the accompanying illustrations.

The house itself is some two hundred years old, and, with the exception of the topmost story (which has been added later), is panelled internally throughout in soft wood, and contains a good staircase with ornamental turned balusters and finely carved stair-brackets. The original mantelpieces, with one or two exceptions on the bedroom floors, had been removed and replaced, in Victorian days, with others of the lamentable patterns at that time in vogue. The photograph on page 16 shows that, by a fortunate adventure, it was found possible to reinstate a contemporary feature—a set of boldly moulded marble “bolection” fireplace jambs and lintel, which correspond precisely in size, age, and character with the original.

A mantelshelf was rarely used above these moulded marble fireplace-surrounds, though examples are to be found; it was obvious that in this case no shelf was originally contemplated, and

the horizontal or “lay” panel above indicated the proper situation for that useful decorative accessory, the triple-plate mirror, with softly bevelled “Vauxhall” plates, and narrow frame of gilded gesso. Above this again was a rectangular panel appropriated to the “chimneypiece”—a decorative bird-, flower-, or fruit-“piece,” sea-“piece,” or conventional painting of similar intention, with its bolection-moulded frame of wood adorned in this case with carved acanthus leafage. Andirons with turned stems and shaped feet support the fire-basket, designed to burn wood-fuel or perhaps the “sea-coale” (i.e. sea-borne coal) which came increasingly into use in later Stuart days. The fine armorial fire-back of toughened cast-iron, which bears the royal arms and cipher of the Restoration period, does not appear in the illustration.

In this room, which occupies the whole frontage of the house, at the first-floor level, are some capital pieces of Stuart and Stuart-Orange furniture. The upper portion of a walnut bureau-cabinet is shown on page 17. It is similar in general

* R. A. Leckie, Esq., whose courtesy the writer desires gratefully to acknowledge.



WALNUT WING CHAIR.
Upholstered in velvet.

character to cabinet tops of the William and Mary Period (1689-1702), illustrated in earlier articles of the present series. Instead, however, of the double-arch (or so-called "double-dome") pediment, this example displays an interesting variation formed of straight lines and ogee curves. The ball and steeple finials are rare survivals, with their delicately moulded panelled pedestals, and the hand-cut walnut veneer exhibits the most magnificent figure imaginable, glorious in colour and resplendent with its original protective coating of oil-varnish.

A cabinet also veneered with finely figured walnut is illustrated on Plate V. This example is plainer in character and depends less for effect upon moulded enrichment than the foregoing, reliance being placed upon the superb figure of the wood and the fine design and workmanship of the brasswork, which is gilded. Hinges, lock-plate, and corner-pieces correspond very closely with the elaborate mountings found upon contemporary cabinets of lacquer, at this period imported from the East and from the Netherlands in great quantities. These cabinet-tops of lacquer, or walnut, or of rare and exotic woods from the Portuguese and Dutch colonies, were frequently mounted upon an elaborate table-stand of pierced, carved and gilded wood, of European design and manufacture, instead of a chest of drawers as in the example illustrated. The feet of this cabinet betray an unmistakable foreign influence, and are similar in design to current details of Javanese woodcarving.

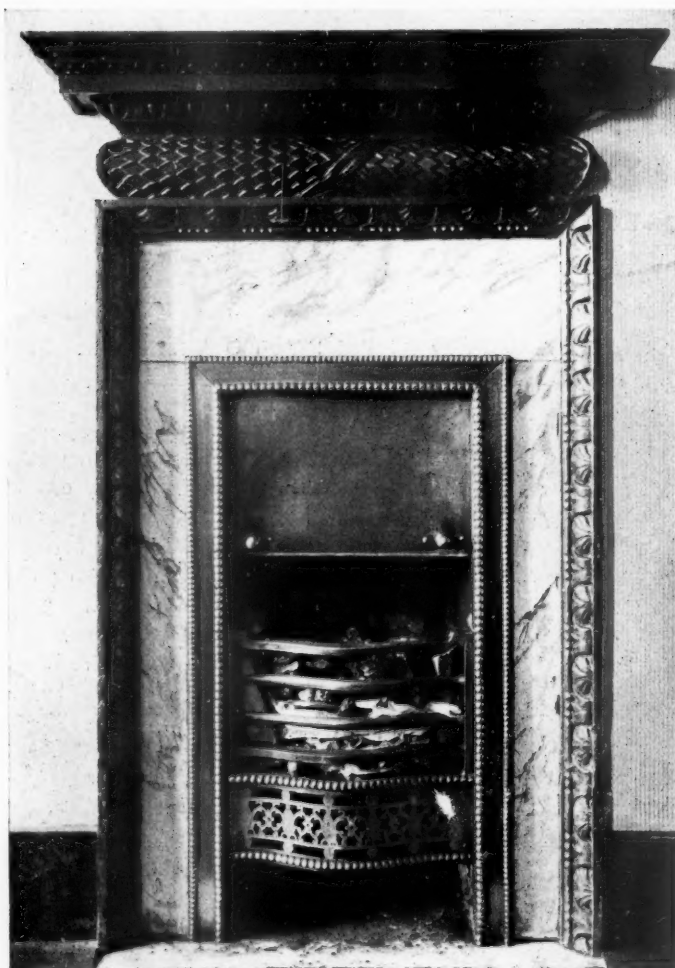
Earlier than the foregoing examples is the little spinet, in a walnut case, inscribed on the facies "Edwardus Blunt,

Londini, Fecit," and dated 1664 (page 18). The stand is separate from the instrument, the latter being of remarkable interest in many ways. On one of the beautifully decorated keys and on the pearwood "jacks" is written, "Thomas Hitchcock his make in 1664." Thomas Hitchcock was a famous spinet maker who flourished till 1703. Other celebrated makers of this period were Johannes Player, Baker Harris, Charles Haward (the maker in 1688 of an "espinette" for the diarist Samuel Pepys), Philip Jones, Stephen Keene, and Joseph Mahoon.

The spinet, like the harpsichord, is often confused in the popular mind with the clavichord and early piano, which differ in mechanical principle and in tone. In the two first-named the strings, or, rather, wires, are "plucked" upon depressing the keys, by means of pearwood "jacks," in which are mounted spikes of raven- or crow-quill. The vibration of the wire is damped by the agency of a piece of fabric or soft leather on top of the quill when the key is released.

The instrument here illustrated was the earliest spinet with cut sharps in the Historic Loan Exhibition (1885).

Tables with twisted or "corkscrew" legs, ball-feet and shaped under-frame, like the example illustrated on page 18, were common during the reigns of James II and William and Mary; they were made in oak and walnut, sometimes adorned with marquetry and, more rarely, with lacquer. Corresponding with these were the *guéridon* tables and candlestands, consisting of a small octangular or circular top mounted upon a turned and twisted stem borne by profiled tripod feet.



GEORGIAN MANTELPiece IN CARVED WOOD.



No. 27 CHURCH ROW, HAMPSTEAD.
Chimneypiece in Dining-Room.

An example of the effectiveness of lacquer in the decoration of furniture is afforded by the corner cupboard illustrated on page 19. This is of oak, covered with a ground of palest yellow lacquer, upon which is a polychrome design strongly Oriental in inspiration, and resembling the "famille vert" and "famille rose" decoration found upon ceramic objects of Chinese origin. The fine instinct for decoration of the Chinese and the value of Oriental influence upon European art may be gauged from this highly interesting specimen.

Sir Christopher Wren was keenly interested in the barometer or "quicksilver weather-glass," then an engaging novelty to contemporary "men of science." Many were made by the celebrated horologists, Thomas Tompion and Daniel Quare, generally in the form represented on page 19, but also in the "portable" or "stick" form, consisting of a central stem of turned, twisted, and fluted ivory, walnut, or beech, the last-named usually decorated with lacquer, having a single, or a double, dial of engraved brass, and provided with extensible tripod feet of the same material.

The invention of the barometer arose from experiments conducted by Evangelista Torricelli, an Italian mathematician and physicist, in 1643. In the example here illustrated it consists of a glass tube containing mercury, mounted upon a frame of walnut-wood, the upper end of the tube being hermetically sealed and the lower inserted in a bag of flexible leather enclosed in a wooden cylinder; the mercury can be forced to fill the tube, by means of a screw, rendering the instrument portable.

Settees, stools, and chairs were made in great numbers and variety at the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries. The wing chair illustrated in the accompanying photograph, page 20, is fairly typical of the comfortable upholstered fireside or "grandfather" chair in use during the reigns of William and Mary and Queen Anne, and surviving well into the Georgian era. The earlier examples were generally of walnut, with turned or cabriole legs and turned or shaped stretchers; in later examples stretchers were omitted, the carved escalloped shell became a popular enrichment on the knee, and ball-and-claw feet were substituted for the club-feet here represented.

The small mantelpiece of painted carved softwood shown on page 20 dates from about 1725, and was rescued from a fine old house in Argyll Place, Regent Street, upon demolition of the premises. The marble slips and polished steel grate are new, the grate being copied by Messrs. Thomas Elsley, Limited, from an old example in their possession.

The dining-room chimneypiece, upon reinstatement, was first equipped with an admirable Queen Anne mantelpiece, consisting of flat slips of marble, the lintel being elegantly shaped like a bow, and having a sunk moulding worked round the fireplace opening. A wood moulding, with carved enrichments,

exhibiting a pleasing and ornamental variation of the well-known "egg-and-tongue," formed the outer member, covering the junction between the marble and wood paneling. Subsequently a beautiful little carved frieze, dating from about 1765, was encountered, and it was decided to utilize this in a mantelpiece, which is shown in the photograph on page 21.

The frieze is a remarkable instance of the principle, advanced by Professor Lethaby in one of his illuminating addresses, that we should "borrow and perfect." The eighteenth-century architect (probably Sir William Chambers, or perhaps a less famous contemporary) borrowed his *motif* of the terminating merfolk from the stonework of a pair of Western doors at St. Paul's Cathedral, paying Wren the supreme compliment of imitation, and enhancing it with workmanship of faultless execution. Chambers was a convinced admirer not only of Vasari and Palladio, whose works he intimately knew and valued, but of William Kent and the English Palladian group, who laboured to such good

purpose under the liberal patronage, or tutelage, of the Earls of Burlington and Pembroke—gifted and discriminating amateurs who did immense service to architecture and the accessory arts in England during the splendid Georgian era.

It is to be hoped that some day tardy justice will be meted out to the collector and *virtuoso* who enriches his country with the works of great artists and preserves our rich inheritance in its integrity; for "the past is indeed a heritage which it would be folly to throw away."

(To be continued.)



WALL LIGHT, IN CARVED WOOD, GILT.

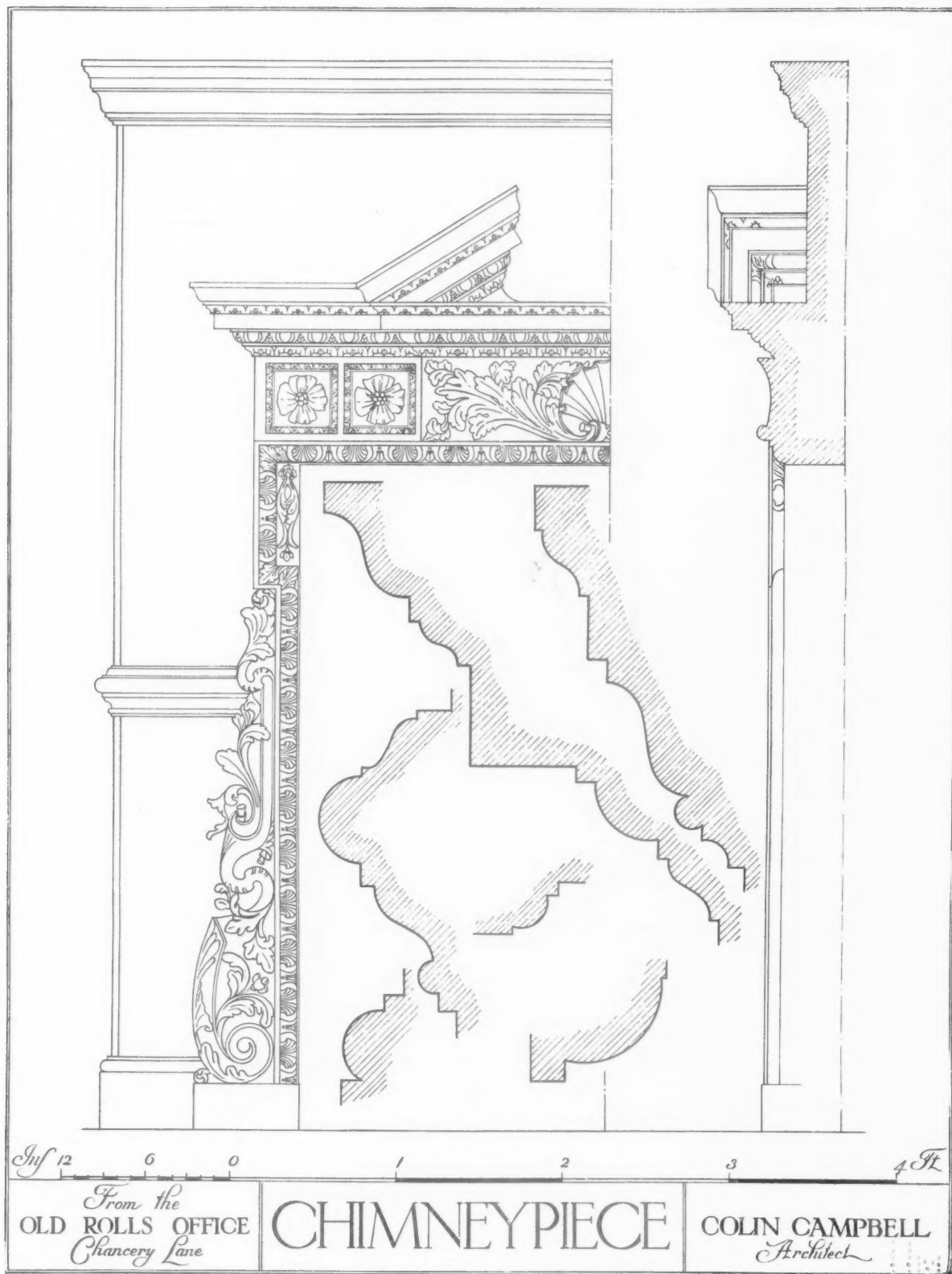


Plate VI.

July 1920

CHIMNEYPiece FROM THE OLD ROLLS OFFICE, CHANCERY LANE.

Measured and Drawn by Christopher J. Woodbridge.

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The Practical Exemplar of Architecture:

A Carved Wood Mantelpiece, *c.* 1725, from the Old Rolls Office,
Chancery Lane.

Colin Campbell, Architect (*c.* 1675-1734).

WITHIN one of the quiet courts on the east side of Chancery or Chancellor's Lane, once a fashionable legal thoroughfare, was, until about 1890, a building intended for the official residence of the Master of the Rolls, who also kept his court here. The master's house of George the First's reign was a dignified mansion, designed by the

Mereworth, Campbell's abilities as an architect were brilliantly displayed: architecture was at that period compounded of plain but impressive façades and apartments splendidly adorned—a befitting background for the works of art, both native and foreign, which Georgian noblemen collected with such rare judgment and enthusiasm.



CHIMNEYPIECE FROM THE OLD ROLLS OFFICE, CHANCERY LANE.

architect Colin Campbell, and erected between the years 1717 and 1725, during the mastership of Sir Joseph Jekyll.

Campbell, the author of those prized monumental tomes illustrative of the architecture of his day, which he entitled "Vitruvius Britannicus," was a protégé of the influential and gifted Earl of Burlington, who actively promoted the Arts, and particularly that of Architecture, during the Augustan early Georgian era. In Old Burlington House, and in Wanstead House (unhappily now memories only), in Houghton and

The little mantelpiece illustrated here, now torn from its environment and bereft of its marble slips, is a piteous memorial of departed greatness. Gone is the polished grate which it enshrined, vanished like the brilliant society once grouped about its genial fireside; what remains, however, bears mute witness to the carver's skill, who wrought the fine ramps and rosettes from rude timber with well-directed and incisive chisel.

I. C. G.

Old Crosses and Lychgates.

IN producing his book of examples of old crosses and lychgates, Mr. Aymer Vallance had in view the collection of models for guidance now that the nation is at leisure "to pour out its mourning heart in memorials that will tell the generations to come how it realized the bitterness and glory of the years of the Great War." In condemning the departure from tradition that has so often expressed itself in "wayward eccentricity and ugly sensationalism," Mr. Vallance claims that to follow time-hallowed precedent is the surest way to impart dignified beauty to a memorial, and there can be no question that in this contention he is essentially correct; for, of all subjects, a memorial to the honoured dead is the least appropriate object on which to make experiments in originality.

Again, Mr. Vallance is entirely in the right in declaring that it was quite unnecessary to go outside these islands to get satisfactory examples. True, we have become, in a sense, less insular by our recent great adventures abroad, by our bond of brotherhood with our allies, by the graves of our dead in foreign soil; but we have not thereby parted with our racial spirit. We have enlarged our sympathies but have not changed our hearts. It would not be fitting to express the national spirit in terms of cosmopolitan art. Whether the national tradition in art is good or bad, it is ours, and the death of the nation's sons in war is an express call for its manifestation in national terms. These it is necessary to study afresh with reverent care before we essay to express anew in terms of art the spirit of our race. Mr. Vallance has got together a collection that, on a general view, gives one the impression that on the whole it is thoroughly and sturdily English, although some of it must certainly have been done by foreign workers.

Mr. Vallance has classified his examples of crosses in an original way, and surely just is his claim that their arrangement into various types, in accordance with their anatomical form and structure, presents the subject in an entirely new aspect. These types are numerous, and the author asserts that every one of them is to be found in this book. Of each type he traces the course of its historical evolution. His types of crosses embrace the monolith, the shaft-on-steps type, spire-shaped or Eleanor

crosses, preaching-crosses, market-crosses, and "unclassified varieties," comprising "a few anomalous instances which seem not to admit of inclusion in any of the categories already considered." Of these only about half a dozen are shown, and it must be said that their refusal to come into classification is not altogether to their credit. In fact, it would not have been surprising if Mr. Vallance had adduced them as so many examples of the folly of forsaking tradition. One of them—that at the west end of the churchyard at Bisley, in Gloucestershire—is not bad-looking, and it has a quaint and even mystic interest.

"Circular on plan at the foot and hexagonal above, it now measures about twelve feet high, the original cross or finial at the apex having disappeared. This monument has been variously described as a cross, a well-head, or a bone-house. Probably it is rather a combination between a cross (for with such it must almost certainly have been crowned) and a lantern for the 'poor souls' light.' The trefoil-headed openings in each cant seem designed expressly for emitting the light of a lamp burning within, while the dormer-like hoods of the said openings would shelter the flame from wind and rain. Such lantern-pillars are known to have been in use in the Middle Ages, though they have very rarely survived to our own time."

Concerning lychgates, which also are very often erected as memorials, there is less to say, but Mr. Vallance says it in the same scholarly and interesting way that makes the larger section on crosses so fascinating. Again he attempts a classification in accordance with type. For this process the subject obviously offers so little scope

that curiosity is aroused to see how he is going to carry it out. He classifies them under certain main groups, namely, the porch-shape, in which the roof-ridge has the same axis as the passage-way; the shed-like forms, in which the roof-ridge runs transversely to the axial-line of the passage-way—a rare variety embodying both the previous features; and, lastly, lychgates formed by the combination of the passage-way with a church-house or other building. Mr. Vallance has produced a book that every archæologist will make haste to add to his library.

"Old Crosses and Lychgates." By Aymer Vallance. London: B. T. Batsford, Ltd., 94 High Holborn. Price £2 2s. net.



VILLAGE CROSS, CHILD'S WICKHAM, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

(From "Old Crosses and Lychgates.")

Publications.

Domestic Architecture in Australia.

It must be confessed that we did not find the title alluring. Australian publications had not prepared us for so high a standard of domestic work as that which is revealed in the illustrations in the volume now before us, nor had their letter-press conveyed much assurance that architectural opinion in Australia was so sound and scholarly as the half-dozen essays in the volume show it to be. Professor Leslie Wilkinson, to be sure, we knew to possess these qualities in the fullness that is seemly in an Institute Medallist, Arthur Cates prizeman, and University Don; but, to our loss, we had not previously encountered the writings of Mr. W. Hardy Wilson, of Mr. H. Desbrowe-Annear, of Mr. W. H. Bagot, or of Mr. R. S. Dods: their names, however, being familiar to us as those of architects of repute.

We must confess to being of the number of those to whom the reading of an architectural essay is always delightful, independently of its quality as literature or of the sanity or otherwise of its conclusions. The essays in this book are all and altogether charming. It would be as difficult as it would be invidious to determine which is the best of them. Some have it for matter, others for style, and in at least one instance the author shines in both departments. Professor Leslie Wilkinson writes somewhat tentatively, as one who, being newly arrived from the Old Country, hesitates to pronounce judgment on what he finds in the new. He therefore confines himself mainly to a restatement of familiar fundamental principles, although he offers a few criticisms that Australian architects will no doubt take to heart—in all humility, if they are wise. He finds that "quality" comprises such elements as "convenience in planning and arrangement; honest, sound construction, and the beauty of simplicity in mass and in detail; simple, firm lines and spaces acting as foil to the garden and broader landscape without; and within, restrained decoration and well-chosen furniture." He holds that the charm of good modern work is very largely due to the increasing attention paid to traditional work and the craftsman's methods of the past. "The 'originals,'" he says, rather finely, "the 'one-man-deeper,' may tickle our fancy for a day or a year, but the stimulus evaporates, and we turn to the steady product of ages of development and find therein a lasting satisfaction. The popular striving after originality, a national style, etc., is vain: the community will get the architecture it deserves. The architect, however, can help it to be well-deserving." That is very well put. Always the clear and forceful restatement of commonplace truths is useful; and in the field of architecture one of the greatest needs of the hour is the expression of æsthetic verities in terms that the plain man can understand.

Mr. Wilkinson's fresh and intensive if necessarily brief study of the conditions in Australia has led him to make certain generalizations that will be read with much interest by British architects whose field of observation is less extensive. In a sunny land like Australia, he remarks, the hot climate encourages outdoor life by day and night, and therefore the house required is rather a shelter from heat, wind, and dust than from cold, rain, and snow. "This suggests spacious rooms, somewhat lofty, with thick walls, not over-windowed—the windows probably double-hung sashes, ample verandas with shelter from southerlies, westerlies, and north-easters, and a sound system of protection from insects hungry to attack the structure and its inmates. Other points to be borne in mind are—reduction to a

minimum of labour in service, cleaning, and cooking, and economy in maintenance." Above all, he pleads for such simplicity as he has been happy to find "in all the older settlements, and in Macquarie Street, Sydney—airy, roomy, comfortable houses, full of dignity and tasteful charm."

Mr. W. Hardy Wilson, whose article follows immediately that of Mr. Leslie Wilkinson, is a stylist, and, as within the bounds of moderation every authentic architect is bound to be, in some sort a hedonist. Here is a characteristic passage: "Architecture is the art nearest humanity, and therefore next literature, which is, in the words of Anatole France, humanity itself. Architecture is nearest humanity because it is useful. Yet usefulness is at once its strength and failing. Architecture is most to us when useful, and greatest when, like other arts, it is useless." He has the courage to add that "Australia would be all the better for some useless architecture. True, there is a neo-Grec temple on a knoll in a Tasmanian valley which is useless. And the majesty of its uselessness uplifts one's joy in architecture. This temple, one likes to imagine, was built for no other purpose than to bejewel the Grecian beauty of the surrounding hills. Perchance an architect was riding through the valley one day with Lady Franklin, and one or the other said, 'Let us build a temple on yonder knoll,' and when it was finished they called it 'Lady Franklin's Museum.' Some day we shall build a beautiful building to celebrate a victory. And its utter uselessness shall release us for a moment from our too practical thoughts." But on this showing it would be by no means utterly useless. It would fulfil the conditions of a higher utility by doing work impossible to buildings of the more crassly practical sort. But Mr. Hardy Wilson wins our hearts with his whimsical expression of an elusive truth. Whimsical also are most of his obiter dicta and some of his annals. "In New South Wales," he solemnly records, "there were two men who built without regard for common sense and practicability. One was Lachlan Macquarie, who, while Governor between 1810 and 1821, erected public buildings too large and too expensive for the requirements and resources of the colony. Macquarie had an accomplished architect in Francis Greenway to design his buildings, which have become priceless since they enshrine our history and spread inspiration and knowledge. The other was Horbury Hunt, an architect who worked in the style of the Gothic Revival. He was an artist, but his artistry was misdirected. He died poor, leaving, so it is said, several penniless clients. Had he left superb buildings his clients' misfortunes would already have become of no importance. Having indicated how fine architecture may arise, it becomes me to direct persons who desire a masterpiece how to approach an architect in whom they perceive a brilliant artist. They should say to him, 'Sir! Kindly build me a house. Here is my card. Good morning.' Not another word. That is how, I like to believe, Stanford White received his commissions, and how Charles Platt and Russell Pope execute their gems. It is thus that in the United States of America is being born architecture which, I venture to say, is approaching and may surpass the flower of the Fifteenth Century." Still in Stevensonian vein, he goes on to say, "Now in Australia architecture is as yet imperfectly understood. Our architects are, above all, reasonable. And reason does not produce masterpieces." It has, at all events, produced a little masterpiece in this delightful essay of Mr. Hardy Wilson's.

Did space allow, we should like to quote also from Mr. Bagot's "Plea for Tradition," and from Mr. Desbrowe-Annear's article on

"The Recognition of Architecture," in which it is manfully held that "Architecture is like misfortune, inasmuch as talking and writing about it do not make it any better. Thought and action alone are needed." And Mr. R. S. Dods on "The Architect and the Future" is worth quoting; but we have already left too little space in which to commend the forty-seven plates that form the chief reason for producing the book. Generally speaking, these plates show Australian architecture in a favourable light, and they range in date from that of the beautiful Burdekin House (in Macquarie Street, Sydney), which Francis Greenway designed in 1817 for Alexander Hay, to current work, some of the best of which has been designed by the essayists whose names have been mentioned. Some of the best work bears the legend "architect unknown." The pity of it! The examples have been gathered from Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane, and the architects named are: Edmund Thomas Blacket; J. F. Hilly; Kent, Budden, & Greenwell; Walter Newman; B. J. Waterhouse; Manson & Pickering; Harold Joseland; W. Hardy Wilson; Wilson & Neave; Halligan and Wilton; John L. Berry; Walter R. Butler; H. Desbrowe-Anneer; Klingender & Alsop; Sir George Strickland Kingston; William McMinn; W. H. Bagot; G. St. J. Makin; and R. S. Dods. The illustrations are mostly of elevations, but a few interesting interiors are included.

One closes the book with a feeling of increased respect for Australian architects and architecture, and with entire confidence in a future that this book will powerfully help to develop on sound and true principles.

"Domestic Architecture in Australia." Edited by Sydney Ure Smith and Bertram Stevens in collaboration with W. Hardy Wilson. Published by Angus & Robertson, Ltd., Sydney. London: Oxford University Press, Amen Corner, E.C. Price 21s. net.

Oxford Illustrated Once Again.

It is doubtful whether Rome and Athens have been more copiously and variously limned than the hardly less classic city of Oxford. Perennially it tempts the brush, the pencil, and the burin (to say nothing of the camera), and the results range from the best to the worst known to the graphic arts. Oxford, it might be supposed, has been "done to death." But nobody ever grew tired of looking at an Oxford college building, nor at a picture of it; while a collection of views of Oxford is always sure of eager inspection, whether the pictures be good, bad, or indifferent, the subject invariably atoning even for execrably bad quality in the rendering, though by no means condoning the offence. But whatever the quality of the depiction, always the loyal son of Oxford will feel that justice has not been done to the noble buildings of his Alma Mater. Even were transcendent genius to essay the task, the Oxford man would hesitate to admire. Masterliness might extort from him the grudging acknowledgment, "It is magnificent, but it is not Oxford."

The latest attempt on the Oxford University buildings is that of Mr. L. Russell Conway, who has issued a portfolio of a dozen drawings reproduced in collotype and comprising the Radcliffe, Magdalen Tower, the Magdalen Grammar Hall, Christ Church Tower, the Fellows' Building of Corpus Christi, the inner quadrangle of St. John's, the gateway of Queen's, Worcester Cottages, Exeter Chapel, and the old Ashmolean. It is an interesting collection, and the drawing is very well done. Mr. Conway's method produces almost photographic effects, except in the trees and the creepers, the like of which we do not remember to have encountered in nature. Mr. Conway is at his happiest with the architectural aspects of his subjects, his rendering of the texture of stone, and of the varying effects of

light and shade upon it, being quite convincing, while the drawing is assured and clean if, here and there, a little hard. On the whole, the portfolio is a covetable possession; but the tissue-paper guards to the plates might with advantage have borne short descriptions of the buildings they precede.

"Oxford." From pictures by L. Russell Conway. London: Wells Gardner, Darton and Co., Ltd., 3 and 4 Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C. Price 21s. net.

Housing History and Procedure.

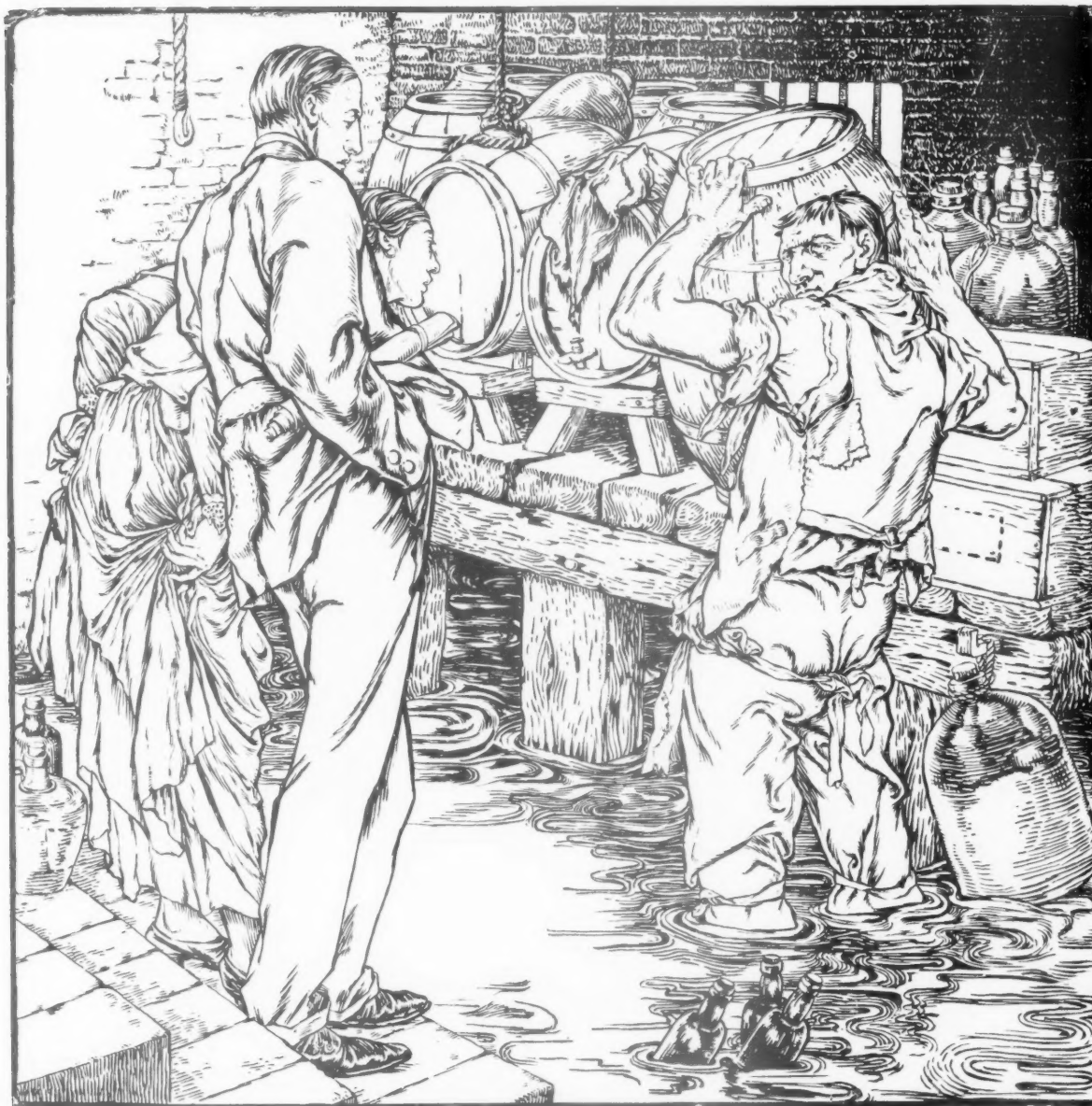
Among the many books on various phases of the housing question, there have been few if any that have dealt otherwise than superficially with the history of the subject. This is a serious omission, not only because the history is extremely interesting *per se* for the light it sheds on the growth and development of social order, but also because it is indispensable as a basis for that complete understanding without which there is but a poor chance of successful procedure. There are, of course, many books on social history from which the history of housing can be gleaned *passim*; but, so far as we are aware, the book before us is the first in which that history has been approached directly and specifically.

If the book does not go back quite far enough to expose the roots of the matter, that is because to delve so deeply would be rather a barren and speculative task. It is more practical if less philosophical to begin with the Industrial Revolution, the facts of which are involved in less obscurity than those that pertain to a more primitive if not much more barbarous state of society. For all practical purposes, it is safe to assume, as the author does, that "The rapid rise of large industries in England owing to the early start in invention, free trade in raw material, foreign food supply, and freedom from Continental wars, resulted in increase of towns and the rapid growth of a population devoted to manufactures." The growth of a large wage-earning class separate from the class of employers; the social evils resulting from this separation, and the consequent development of the social spirit of which the principal exponents were Carlyle, Morris, and Ruskin; the efforts of the young band of Christian Socialists who gathered round Maurice, and included Thomas Hughes, E. V. Neale, and Charles Kingsley; the organization of labour into trade unions and friendly societies: these and other factors led to legislation that directly affected social welfare, the public conscience being at length so completely awakened from its age-long slumber that the Public Health Act of 1875 was passed, and, for the first time in history, the State took clear cognizance of housing. Thanks to the enlightened and powerful teaching of Jeremy Bentham, Edwin Chadwick, the two Mills, and Joseph Hume, a number of general Acts had been passed in the forties; but it remained for the Acts of 1872 and 1875 to effect drastic reforms.

The book sketches the history of the movement in all its phases up to the present hour, showing succinctly but intelligibly where we now stand and why we are there, and giving, in a series of valuable appendices, exact information and luminous discussion on the legal and social aspects of the movement. Official housing circulars, regulations, and forms are included, as well as a useful table of statutes and an equally serviceable bibliography. A most valuable and comprehensive volume.

"The Housing Problem: Its History, Growth, Legislation, and Procedure." By John J. Clarke, M.A., F.S.S. With an Introduction by Brigadier-General G. Kyffin-Taylor, C.B.E., V.D. London: Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons. Price 21s. net.

Any of these publications may be inspected in the Reading Room, Technical Journals, Ltd., 27-29 Tothill Street, Westminster.



Drawing by Mrs. Nesbitt.

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Chronicle and Comment.

Salient Features of the Month's Architectural News.

R.I.B.A. New Council.

That, as a result of the R.I.B.A. elections, eight new members will take their seats on the Council is apparently because eight vacancies occurred through voluntary withdrawals. There is some reason to suppose that the old Council would have been elected *en bloc* if it had so sought a renewal of confidence. The retiring members—Sir John Burnet and Messrs. J. J. Joass, W. R. Lethaby, A. N. Prentice, C. Stanley Peach, G. G. Scott, H. D. Searles-Wood, and F. M. Simpson—have been succeeded by Sir E. L. Lutyens and Messrs. H. M. Fletcher, J. G. S. Gibson, E. S. Hall, E. V. Harris, Sydney Perks, W. E. Riley, and Maurice E. Webb. In no single instance was a Fellow offering himself for re-election rejected. The two new Associate members of Council, Mr. Stanley Hamp and Mr. W. G. Newton, also fill seats that were voluntarily vacated. Mr. John W. Simpson, who was of course unopposed for the Presidency, will, in the coming campaign for unity, have the support of a Council that is thoroughly conversant with the policy which it has been determined that the Institute shall pursue—a Council, moreover, that the electors have entrusted with a mandate to go full steam ahead. There is a tremendous amount of work to do—some of it of an extremely delicate character; but a Council so confidently trusted, so powerfully constituted, and so ably led, should be fully equal to the exceptionally difficult work that lies before it.

A College of Estate Agents.

A prominent feature of the Newcastle conference of the Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Institute of the United Kingdom was the interest aroused in the College of Estate Management, for which donations amounting to £350 were promised. Economical and scientific management of estates is a need of the hour, consequent on the altered conditions produced by the war, and a college-trained estate agent should be invaluable not only to the estate owner, but to the country at large; for if every estate were scientifically managed, the resources of the country would see a tenfold increase. Incidentally, estate buildings would be considerably improved. It may be taken for granted that the estate owner will not be excluded from the College, where the value of architecture will assuredly be among the things he will learn.

The City Churches.

At a gathering of members of the City Livery Club at Holborn Restaurant, Sir Banister Fletcher, F.R.I.B.A., made an eloquent plea for the preservation of the City churches, summarizing very neatly the reasons against demolition. Some of these churches were the products of one of the greatest architects the world has ever seen, Sir Christopher Wren. All were historic monuments of the life of the people, heirlooms handed down from past ages and held in trust—like the temples in Egypt or the Necropolis at Athens. Had any one suggested that the Necropolis should be sold? Why not? The site is an excellent one for an hotel! The architectural features of the City of London form part of a great majestic whole, and London without its spires would lose its most distinctive

characteristic. These churches form open spaces that are necessary in the interests of public health. From Saxon times some of the sites had been occupied by churches. The Sunday census of congregations could be ignored. The very presence of the churches is a sermon in stones, and the churches are the outward and visible sign of the religious life of the past and present. The report of the Commission, he declared, would go down to history as one of the most disgraceful documents in the annals of the City of London. A resolution protesting against the recommendation of the Commission was moved by Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., M.P., and seconded by Major Barnes, M.P. Unfortunately, in spite of eloquent pleas by Canon Masterman and Mr. Beresford Pite, the sordid view was supported by the recent London Diocesan Conference at Westminster.

Luxury Building.

Several appeals against prohibitions of so-called luxury building have been successfully lodged. At Glasgow nine appeals were made in respect of the prohibition of work in cinema theatres, and the Appeal Tribunal there issued an exhaustive judgment, in which the opinions were expressed that the statute warrants a prohibitory order as a last resort only, after using every possible means of avoiding interference with the normal freedom of an industry so complex and of such national importance as the building trade. In the King's Bench Divisional Court the Housing Act Appeal Tribunal confirmed an order of the Corporation forbidding a company to proceed with the building of a picture-palace. The Appeal Tribunal, however, decided the appeal on documentary evidence alone, without hearing the parties, and the Lord Chief Justice has ordered the Tribunal to hear the appeal; the underlying principle of the law being that every man has a right to be heard before an order can be made against him.

London's Learned Quarter.

Surprise at the good fortune of London University in having its site question settled by the presentation of an ample parcel of land near the British Museum had hardly subsided when the equally astonishing announcement was made that the Rockefeller Foundation had offered the munificent gift of £1,205,000 to University College Hospital Medical School and University College. Of this amount, £400,250, it is proposed, is to be expended on building works for University College Hospital and Medical School as follows: New Nurses' Home, £103,000; New Obstetrics Unit, £109,500; New Residents' Quarters, £31,000; Bio-Chemical Laboratory, £50,750; Reconstruction of hospital wing, open-air galleries, theatres, alterations, contingency fund, £106,000. Building work for University College will comprise an Institute of Anatomy, to which £189,800 is allotted for site, building, equipment, and library. The rest of the money is to be devoted to maintenance. With the additional buildings here foreshadowed, and with the hoped-for headquarters building for London University, the Gower Street area—where University College Hospital, which was built in 1833, occupies an island site—will greatly intensify its character of London's learned quarter. When all these projected new buildings take form, the British Museum will be a mere item in the collection.

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THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

Honours for Architects.

Sir Reginald Blomfield, in going up to receive the degree of Litt.D. conferred on him *honoris causa* by Liverpool University, was (*honoris causa*) authentically "ragged" by the students of the School of Architecture, who composed a song (of sorts) in celebration. Mr. Philip Sydney Scott, of Oldham, the architect of many Lancashire cotton mills, was created a baronet in the latest birthday honours list. Sir Banister F. Fletcher has been appointed Commander of the Order of Leopold II (Belgium), Commander of the Order of George I (the Hellenes), and to the Order of the Excellent Crop (Second Class) with Grand Cordon (China). An excellent crop truly!

The London Guild of Builders.

Mr. G. D. H. Cole, writing from the Labour point of view on the London Guild of Builders, states, in the course of an abnormally long article in the "Westminster Gazette," that the London movement dates from a big meeting of London building workers in the Kingsway Hall some months ago under the joint auspices of the London Federation of Building Trades Operatives and the National Guilds League, and that the London prospectus was anticipated by a similar manifesto issued a few weeks before by the High Wycombe and District Guild of Builders. It is the intention to ask the London County Council and other public bodies to entrust the Guild with work. "The Guild," says Mr. Cole—meaning more particularly in this instance the Manchester Guild—"absolutely declines to work for, or to make, profit; it offers to build for the public at cost price, this price including the cost of materials and of labour at the hourly rate, plus ten per cent. on

these costs to meet (a) the cost of plant and administration, and (b) the cost of guaranteeing to every worker employed by the Guild a full week's wages even if weather conditions compel him to stop work for part of the time." On the other hand, the Ministry of Health demands that the Guild shall quote a fixed contract price, standing the loss if there is one, and taking the profit if a profit results. The Guild declines to work on an ordinary profit-and-loss basis. Mr. Cole states that "the essential principle of the Building Guilds, which now exist in a considerable number of centres, is that the public will best be served if all those who are required for the actual work of building—architects, technicians, administrators, craftsmen, and labourers—bind themselves together into a single fraternity, with the sole object of building houses and doing all sorts of constructional work, and not with the object of realizing any profit at all." Mr. Cole's apologia for the Guild system may be read in the "Westminster Gazette" of 10 June, and a reply to it by Dr. Addison in the issue for 19 June.

A New Heraldry.

The "Sphere" has printed in colours a plate showing thirty shields ingeniously designed by Mr. Walter Godfrey, F.S.A., so that each shield shall form a condensed record of its bearer's service career. Ribbons of the medals awarded for gallantry or for service form the field, on which are then placed the rank badges, wound stripes, chevrons, and other marks. To complete the emblem, the shield is then ensigned with the regimental cap badge, or the crest of the ship on which the bearer of the device served. A delightful idea, most artistically carried out; and we imagine it to be quite legitimate as a matter of heraldry.

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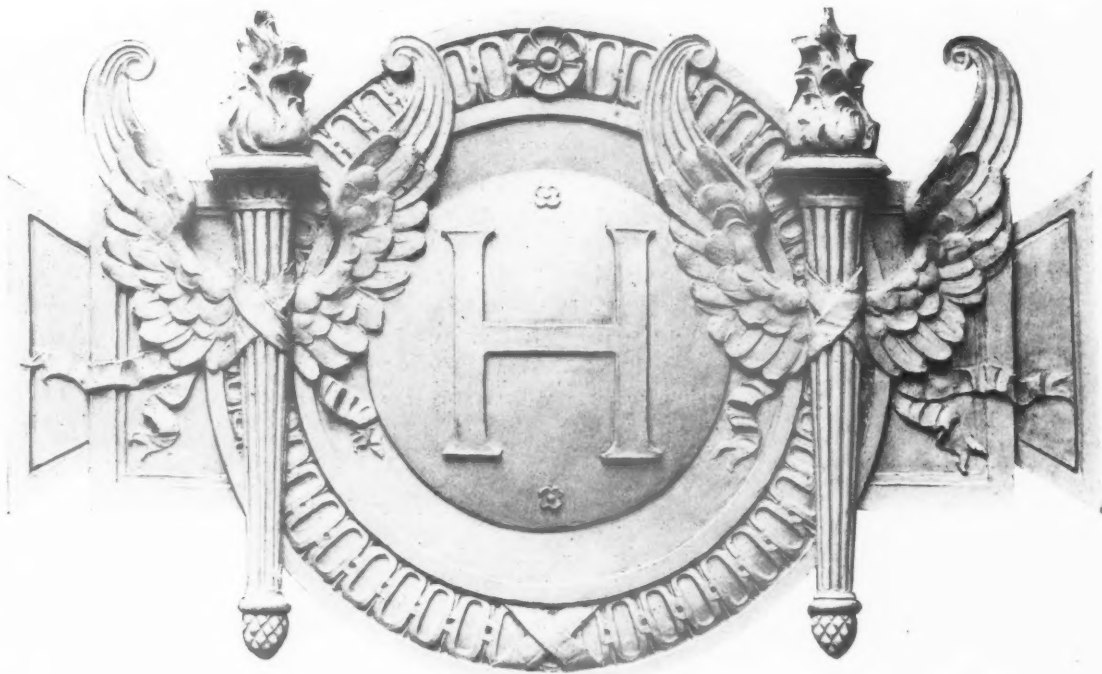
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The New English Art Club.

In the recently opened exhibition of the New English Art Club, where, according to Sir Claude Phillips, there is observable a "cult of monstrous crudity and ugliness," there are nevertheless a few fine things. Sir Claude acknowledges that even in cubism there is occasionally power. For instance, "cubism unmitigated and unabashed asserts itself in Mr. W. Roberts's masterly design 'The Travelling Cradle.' Though the strange beings who move in a rhythm strong and harmonious to their goal are not much more than carefully jointed mannequins brought to life, they combine to make up a whole of singular vitality and power." Sir Claude innocently asks, "Why should it be impossible to translate these sinister mannequins into normal human beings, and thus increase the vitality and power tenfold?" He knows well enough why. It is because art and the extremely commonplace go not well together. It takes genius to mate them in a true marriage. The alternative is—Cubism.

A New Sculptor.

Paul Darde, who started life tending his father's flocks on the slopes of the Cevennes, has suddenly leaped into fame by being awarded the Prix National du Salon by the Council of the Academy of Fine Arts for two fine pieces of sculpture. The principal of these is a large-scale representation in marble called "Le Faune," portraying the god Pan. The expressiveness of the work—the malicious grin on the god's face and the vigorous manner in which the body, and especially the hand gripping

the chin, has been treated—is conveyed in a very striking manner. The other powerful work in respect of which the prize has been given is in bronze and marble. It depicts a woman's head surrounded with snakes, representing "Eternelle Douleur." This is the first time Darde has exhibited at the Salon. It is understood that "Le Faune" may find a permanent resting-place in the Jardin de Luxembourg, while M. Laferre, when he was Minister of Fine Arts, acquired the "Eternelle Douleur" for the State. The sculptor, who is only thirty-one, followed a farm life until he was twenty.

A Decorative Finish for Floors.

We have received from Messrs. The Korkoid and Ruboleum Tile Company, 562-568 Baltic Street, Glasgow, a handsomely illustrated booklet showing in a series of coloured plates a large number of handsome designs to which their Ruboleum tiles and panels are made. It is claimed for Ruboleum tiles and panels that they are superior to those made from rubber, besides being much less expensive. About a score of different colours are shown by the plates, and any design prepared or suggested by the architect, and any colouring required to harmonize with a general scheme, can be reproduced. Noiseless, resilient, of tasteful pattern and colouring, odourless, sanitary, and affirmed to be of exceptional wearing qualities, these tiles and panels should form an admirable floor-covering for smoke-rooms, entrance halls, corridors, churches, public buildings, libraries, etc.; and the illustrations in the catalogue include interior views of several important buildings in which they are seen *in situ*. They have been used on many large steamships and for buildings of every description.

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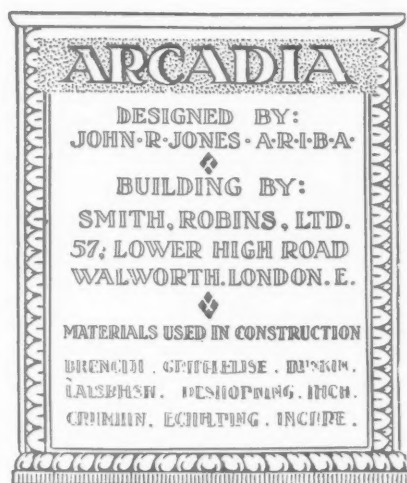
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THE above provisional sketch illustrates the method by which houses in the "Daily Mail" Ideal Village will be identified with their Architects and Builders.

A tablet, of uniform design, to be chosen by the "Daily Mail," giving details of the name and address of the Builders, the materials used in construction, and the name of the Architect, will be affixed to each house.

In addition to this a bronze memorial in a conspicuous position in the Village will give the names and addresses of the builders, the method of construction, and the material used.

Thus, visitors who wish to secure a house similar to any particular one in the Village will be able to communicate direct with the builders.

A Great Opportunity for British Builders

THE "Daily Mail" ideal Village Scheme presents to British Builders a great opportunity to display that energy and enterprise for which British Firms are famed the world over.

To the individual building and contracting firm it tenders an instrument of prestige and publicity of unique power.

Tens of thousands of home-seekers will visit the Village during the two months it will be open for exhibition in the early part of the next Spring.

It will be an absorbing topic with the general public as it already is with progressive firms in the building and allied trades.

So that all interested may have full information in the most clear and concise form, the "Daily Mail" Ideal Village Book has been prepared for free distribution to builders, contractors, architects, and manufacturers of materials.

It gives the following information:—

The Site—Welwyn Garden City—Description of Estate—Railway Station and Facilities—Type of House for Village—Arrangements for Sale of Houses—Safeguards against Profiteering—Planning the Village—Cost of Participation—Sub-Contracting—Aspect of Houses and Cottages—Materials on Site—Labour Available—Bye-Laws—Naming Houses—Communal Experiments—How to obtain forms of Contract.

A copy of the "Daily Mail" Ideal Village Book will be sent free and post free to all who make application to:—The Secretary, The "Daily Mail" Ideal Village, 130, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

The Daily Mail Ideal Village

THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

The Ban on Building.

Building owners, architects, and others engaged in building operations are asked to furnish the Secretary of the R.I.B.A., 9 Conduit Street, W.1, with information in writing as soon as possible as to: (a) Buildings which have been stopped during progress. (b) Buildings as to which warning notices have been issued. (c) Buildings which have been prohibited from starting under the following heads: 1. The nature of the building so stopped; 2. The cost of such building; 3. The approximate number of men employed in the various trades on such buildings; 4. Any information as to buildings which have been allowed to proceed subject to the substitution of other materials for those originally intended. Any other information of value will be greatly appreciated.

Correspondence.

Regional Surveys Conducted by Schoolmasters.

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

SIR,—One of the latest phases of education is the Regional Survey, which has been adopted by some of the more progressive schools.

The surveys are made under the direction of an enthusiastic master, who explains to the pupils, as they halt from time to time in their tramp along the country lanes and the streets of towns, how England has evolved from the earliest times. These teachings include such subjects as the evolution of roads from cowpaths, the formation of rivers, the strata of the earth and their bearing on vegetation and health, and, what will particularly interest the readers of this REVIEW, the study of architecture, both domestic and ecclesiastical.

The Natural History Society connected with the Friends' School at Saffron Walden visited Bishop's Stortford early in June, and I had the great pleasure of entertaining the pupils and of listening to a remarkably instructive discourse. It was interesting to hear the master describing the progress of this ancient town, as he pointed out the features of the flint-walled church, the quaint market square with its covered-in structures, the remains of the Bishop's palace, which is near the old ford over the river Stort, the half-timbered inns, together with the ruins of the Norman castle.

Such lessons are bound to benefit the country, and especially the art of architecture, for it is impossible for anyone to study the various styles of buildings and then be satisfied with the bastard architecture which is so prevalent in England.

Any scheme which inculcates a knowledge of architecture is bound to benefit the architect. I am sure that if the architectural societies were to move for a furtherance of this scheme amongst schools and colleges, they would be helping themselves, as well as making England a more beautiful country.

J. H. KERNER-GREENWOOD.

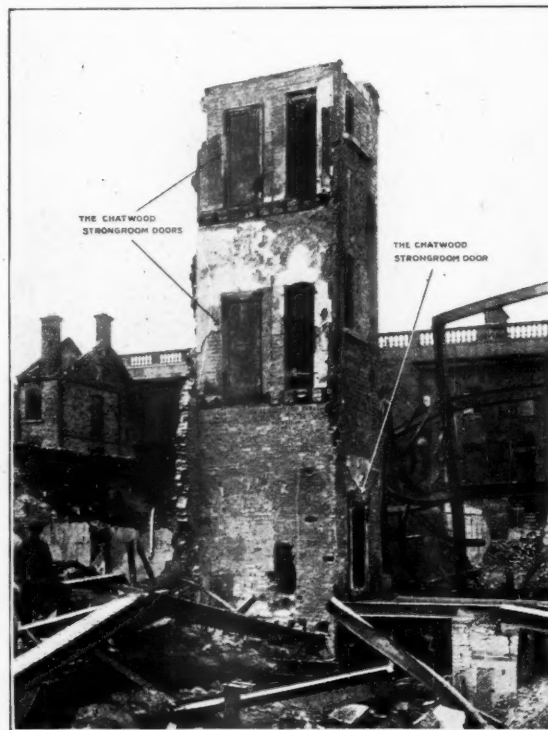
THIS remarkable photograph shows three CHATWOOD STRONG ROOMS representing all that was left standing of the huge block of buildings in Sackville Street, Dublin (extending from Abbey Street to the Post Office, a distance of 75 yards), after the great fire which followed the events of 1916.

So intense was the heat of this fire that not only were the massive steel girders twisted into various shapes (as will be seen in the photograph), but the brass handles and fittings were melted off the Strong Room Doors.

When THE CHATWOOD STRONG ROOMS were opened, the contents were found intact, and in no way affected by their severe ordeal.

Specifications of Impregnable Strong Rooms, Plans, Estimates, and full particulars will gladly be supplied free of charge.

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